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# THE TRAGEDY OF CAESAR'S REVENGE

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1911

This reprint of *Caesar's Revenge* has been prepared  
by F. S. Boas with the assistance of the General  
Editor.

Oct. 1911.

W W. Greg.

Plays on the subject of Caius Julius are so numerous that some difficulty arises in properly distinguishing the titles. In the case of the piece here reprinted the first title, which is also the head title, suggests a play of Chapman's, while the running title is the traditional property of William Shakespeare. It seems, therefore, best that it should become known by the name which appears second on the title-page. And, indeed, there is reason to suppose that it was this title that the piece originally bore, for the entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company runs as follows:

v<sup>o</sup> Iunij [1606]

Entered for their Copies vnder the handes of Master Doctor Couell <sup>John Wight</sup>  
and the wardens A booke called Julius Caesars reuenge . vj<sup>d</sup> and Nathanael  
[Arber's Transcript, III. 323.] <sup>flossbrook</sup>

The edition that followed upon this entry was undated, but probably appeared before the end of the year. It bore Wright's name and address as stationer, and the initials and device of George Eld as printer. It was a quarto printed in roman type of a body similar to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Of this original issue copies survive in the Dyce Library at South Kensington and in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. In other copies, the original title-leaf has been cancelled and replaced by a reprint. This, which is dated 1607, bears the names of both stationers, and a different address, which is presumably Fosbrook's. The printer's initials have been omitted, and, more important, his device has made way for the note 'Priuately acted by the Studentes of Trinity Colledge in Oxford'. The original type had already been distributed, and not only the title, but also the list of personae on the verso of the leaf, was reset.

Why Fosbrook should have been originally forgotten, as it would seem he was, and his portion of the stock provided with a title-page which is evidently of the nature of an afterthought, there is nothing to show. Copies of this second issue are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and the British Museum. All the copies mentioned are perfect, and for the purpose of the present reprint those in the British Museum, Bodleian and Dyce libraries have been collated throughout. The two former are in substantial agreement: the Dyce copy has both forms of sheet A in an uncorrected state. There is a curious progressive error at l 2481.

No record of performance survives to corroborate the information supplied by the second title-page, but from internal evidence it may be supposed to have taken place some years before publication, the style of the play being modelled on those popular in the last decade of the sixteenth century, especially *Tamburlaine* and the *Spanish Tragedie*. The complete absence of comic relief, and the exceptional number of recondite classical allusions, are in favour of the academic origin of the play, and this is perhaps further evidenced by the fact that the source, upon which the anonymous author drew, appears to have been, not Plutarch, but Appian's *Bellum Civile*. Appian alone (book II, chapters 113 and 117) names Bucolianus among Caesar's murderers, though Cicero mentions him twice in his letters to Atticus as Bucilianus. There is also one local reference to connect the play with Oxford, in the lines put into Caesar's mouth.

And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*,  
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad.

(ll 1278-9.)

The text of the play presents a good many difficulties, and in some places there is reason to suspect more or less serious lacunae. The classical names too are often badly corrupted, and the punctuation is the worst conceivable. There is a division into acts and scenes, but it neither follows a consistent principle, nor exhibits a correct numbering. A new division on the ordinarily accepted principles of the English stage has therefore been introduced in the margin. This has necessitated a somewhat minute consideration of exits and entrances, and a special list of necessary stage directions has been added below after the usual list of irregular readings.

A list of personae is given in the original on the verso of the title-leaf. The only omission is that of a Lord who has a part in several scenes.

The thanks of the editor are due to the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, President of Trinity College, Oxford, for information to the effect that no references to plays are traceable in the account books of the College, unless a payment of 6s. 6d. for a 'spectaculum in festo Trinitatis' in 1565 can be so interpreted. A similar debt is owing to Mr. J. P. Maine, librarian to the Duke of Devonshire, for information as to the readings of the copy of the original issue of the play preserved at Chatsworth.

# LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

The punctuation of the original is so erratic as to make it impossible to record all irregularities. The following are particularly frequent. comma or semi-colon for period, especially at the end of a speech, period or other stop for query-mark, colon or, less frequently, semi-colon where at most a comma is needed. As a rule only those cases have been noticed which would be likely to cause difficulty to a reader who had the above points in mind.

A 1<sup>v</sup> *Casca.* (*Casca* 1607)  
 Augur. (*Augur* 1607)  
 Senators. (*Senators.* 1607)  
 Octauian. (*Octauian* 1607)  
 Camber. (both)  
 11 which (what)  
 14 her (? his)  
 20 field  
 25 Heauens. O (Heauens, O)  
 31 sig. A 2 (B 2 *Dyce only*)  
 32 Vomit (vomit)  
 ills (? ills.)  
 34 BE  
 44 shild  
 46 greatnesse. (? greatnesse ;)  
 55 piaizd (i. e. valued)  
 59 fwaye. (fwaye,)  
 87 When as  
 98 liung (liung *Dyce only*)  
 108 ouerthowne,  
     (ou erthowne, *B.M.*,  
     *Devon.*)  
 132 a sleepe  
 136 a waite  
 143 biffe. (bliffe.)  
 148 beare. (beare,)  
 149 Wihch (Which)  
 163 starrs. (starrs,)  
 167 remououe  
 169 haue. (haue—)  
 171 this, (i. e. thus,)  
 175 a misse,  
 182 farewell, then (farewell  
     then,)

182 c.w. Here (183 *Heere*)  
 192 woundring  
 203 T'was  
 215 babish  
 216 found (found.)  
 219 Io ioyfull, Io  
 227 boucher'd  
 237 stange  
 247 enternally  
 252 c.w. Whilst (253 *Whil'ft*,  
 261 Thee (? Flee)  
 blood (blood.)  
 262 thirst. (thirst,)  
 263 goaring  
 277 *Romaine*, (*Romaine*)  
 288 when as  
 308 When as  
 324 Temple (*Tempe*)  
 325 waues, (waues.)  
 335 *Scythia*  
 344 freedon,  
 349 vnderringing  
 354 fall :  
 357 blaft,  
 363 dol-full  
 410 they (thy)  
 411 Soule. (*point doubtful, read*  
     *Soule,*)  
 412 What (? That)  
 413 *Labians*  
 430 petition. (petition,)  
 432 permit,  
 434 Some what  
 450 turnde, (turnde)

460 with.out  
 468 shue (sue)  
 474 grieve. (griefe,  
     c.w. VVhich (475 Which)  
 494 handmayde, forth  
     (handmayde forth,)  
 498 hath  
 508 woundiung  
 513 poastes. (poastes)  
 514 name, (name.)  
 515 bring. (bring)  
 519 pearles. (pearles)  
 527 beheld (behold)  
 535 althings  
     fees. (fees)  
 542 *But.* (? *Ant.*)  
 544 *Cæſa*,  
 549 thee (the)  
     cut, (cut)  
 561 weaud (? weand *B.M.*  
     only)  
 567 fized (fixed)  
 568 ouer (? euer)  
 576 *Neptnus*  
 598 *Piramids.* (*Piramids,*)  
 602 *Gnidas* (*Gnidus*)  
 609 *Antho.* (*Dis.*)  
 617 Iollity. (Iollity,  
 620 *Setorius* (*Sertorius*)  
 621 ouerthrowe. (ouerthrowe,)  
 622 *Nepoune*  
 627 waight,  
     bliffe. (bliffe,)  
 628 haue. (haue,)  
 633 night. (night,)  
 634 plauges  
 642 SCENA 4.  
 646 they  
     selfe. (selfe)  
 652 like wife  
     *Ptolomeis*  
     gould. (gould,)  
 655 made. (made,)  
 670 wordly  
 699 a vaile

704 soueraignety.  
     (soueraignety,)  
 708 Men. (Men,)  
 709 enteitaynd, (entertaynd.)  
 713 Earth. (Earth,)  
 725 fway (fway) ·  
 734 a non,  
 751-2 (*lacuna ?*)  
 763 letter pattens  
 784 if, (if)  
 786 a like,  
 807 ceafe. (ceafe,)  
 818 graue. (graue,)  
 826 Alacke (Alike)  
 828 a like  
 829 caufer which (? caufer,  
     mine)  
 835 perplexd  
 838 be hould  
 848 Queene, (Queene.)  
 851 framd. (framd,)  
 864 prefest.  
 874 instruments.  
     (inſtrument,)  
 883 *Nemean*  
 885 of (of)  
 891 Be fides  
 893 *Alcionus*  
 899 10ſall  
     head, (head.)  
 900 *Phæbus*  
 902 1eſpendent  
 913 *Spicer*, (?)  
 914 *Nardus*  
 924 Queenc, (Queene)  
 925 ofhirs  
 936 ſpeech (ſpeech.)  
 947 *Camber* (*Cimber*)  
 960 *Cæſ.* (*Cæſ.*)  
 969 tale. (tale,)  
 971 blood, (blood.)  
 989 *Cam.* (*Cim.*)  
 991 *Cum.* (990 c.w. *Cam.*)  
 996 *Cibylls*  
     verſe. (verſe)

1003	sepulcher. (sepulcher,)	1260	Ouer- (? Euer,)
1012	prauic	1262	exquies
1014	bespente (? besprent)	1263	<i>Ioue.</i> ( <i>Ioue,</i> )
1022	<i>Romaine,</i> ( <i>Romaines,</i> )	1264	fame. (fame,)
1025	<i>Gic.</i>	1265	<i>Hydaffpis,</i>
1027	borne	1270	Whereby (Were by) refistles, (refistles) powers (? power)
1050	learne; (learne,)	1276	<i>Rohdans</i>
1051	althings	1278	<i>Thames.</i> ( <i>Thames</i> )
1053	bleffings	1283	greefe (greefe.)
1059	Counrries	1318	Afrigted
1075	nor (not)	1321	winde (? minde)
1082	<i>Hilias</i> ( <i>Allias</i> )	1322	on (i.e. one)
	fight: (? fight <i>B.M. only</i> )	1329	wy
1103	flay (stay)	1335	one (i.e. on)
1108	Countries: (Countries)	1361	the (thee)
1111	<i>Sene.</i>	1364	receiue (? reuiue)
1118	it (it.)	1389	perfumption.
	vſe, (vſe)	1423	by (ly)
1121	vertues (? vertue)	1426	lotheth (? bodeth)
	brunt's,	1429	ACT. 2.
1137	me (me ?)	1430	<i>Anthony</i> ( <i>Anthony</i> ), <i>Lords</i> , (? <i>Lord</i> ,)
1149	<i>Adastria</i> ( <i>Adraſtia</i> )	1431	<i>Pharthia</i>
	Queene. (Queene,)	1432	<i>Cæſars</i> (? <i>Cræſſus</i> )
1159	sleepe. (sleepe,)	1438	<i>Armenians</i> <i>Medians</i>
1161	die, (die.)	1448	troopes. (troopes,)
1162	paintcd	1462	victoriye. (victoriye,)
1182	backes. (backes,)	1467	there by
1196	<i>Lords</i> , (? <i>Lord</i> ,)	1468	ſpur. (ſpur)
1198	a fore,	1472	ſelfe (? ſelfe's)
1201	be-hind	1474	will (? well)
	paſt. (paſt,)	1479	euerdaring (? ouerdaring)
1203	triump (trump)	1481-2	(lacuna ?)
1205	witner (witnes)	1486	or (are)
1207	it bound it	1491	fame. (fame)
1208	<i>Phægian</i> ( <i>Phlegraean</i> )	1494	Pincely
1209	<i>Tropheus</i> ( <i>Trophies</i> )	1498	liberty. (liberty,)
1213	Pompeous	1522	<i>Cumber</i> (? <i>Cimber</i> ,)
1218	crowne, (crowne.)	1539	miſ boding
1221	onmy	1577	quench-les
1222	beare. (beare)	1582	a peerce
1229	<i>Africans</i> ,		
1234	ſtarre. (ſtarre)		
1237	Gouernesſe. (Gouernesſe,)		
1246	<i>Æmelius</i> ,		
1258	<i>Romulus</i> . ( <i>Romulus</i> ,)		

1604	T'was	1855	Commonwealth.
1613	hap (hap.)		(Commonwealth,)
1619	Bec (?)	1857	Vntucht. (Vntucht,)
1623	fore-caſt, (fore-caſt)	1859	e ndles (e nd les <i>B.M.</i> only)
1633-4	(? <i>lacuna</i> )	1864	yeares. (yeares)
1637	ſteeps	1865	vnconquered ; (vnconquered,)
1638	threetning	1899	<i>Romains</i> (? <i>Romes</i> )
1643	bale full	1902	ſoundes,
1649	bale-full	1905	haſted
1650	conſort. In (conſort, in)	1906	ſound,
1657	Dre ame which (with)	1909	tombe : (e doubtful)
1662	<i>Pre.</i> (i.e. <i>Præcentor.</i> )	1924	ptyiyngh
1665	ilde	1925	fore
1666	Thout a non	1929	<i>Syre,</i>
1670	anon, (anon.)	1971	<i>Mirapont.</i>
1673	nigh. (nigh,)	1972	ACT. 3. SCE. 1.
1674	houſe- (?)	1979	life. (life)
1676	ſits, (ſits ?)	1981	heauens . (?)
1677	daunger (daunger,)	1992	<i>A lcides</i>
1693	(? <i>lacuna</i> )	1999	<i>Spayne</i> ( <i>Spayne</i> ,)
1700	Aloud	2004	auayleſthis
1702	<i>Cum. . . . Cumber</i>	2005	hand. (hand)
1704	(not indented)	2008	Creft. (Creft,)
1718	yout (your)	2019	on (one)
1719	plauge	2025	<i>Iberian</i>
1730	geeue	2030	war-faire (warfare)
1731	liues. (liues)	2038	warie-faire (warre faire)
1735	ambition, (ambition)	2039	ſtike
1742	ſee (ſee ?)	2046	for got
1751	heard	2055	Fathers
1761	a mong ſtarrs. (ſtarrs)	2063	hate. (hate)
1763	<i>Cæſar</i> , ( <i>Cæſar</i> )	2067	a rife
1771	<i>Anthony</i> . ( <i>Anthony</i> )	2068	vnquenced
1774	a laromes,	2071	comfort (?) conſort)
1793	in great (?) ingrate)	2078	youth full
1804	more (more,) ſongs. (ſongs,)	2090	vowd',
1809	<i>Hearſe Calphurnia</i> ( <i>Hearſe</i> , <i>Calphurnia</i> ,)	2093	Dieties
1829	deathes,	2100	<i>Gradinus</i> ( <i>Gradinus</i> )
1836	(not indented)	2101	ouerburning (euerburning)
1846	they (thy)	2102	<i>Carpeian</i> ( <i>Tarpeian</i> )
		2114	<i>Stremonia</i> , (? <i>Strymon</i> )

2122 -men (-man)	2338 extols. (extols <sub>5</sub> )
2136-7 (? <i>lacuna</i> )	2346 c.w. Where ( <i>Caff.</i> Whe <sub>1</sub> e)
2155 <i>Lyeas</i> ( <i>Lycus</i> )	2356-7 (? <i>reversed</i> )
2157 <i>Turfos</i>	2363 <i>Echalarian</i>
2164 (And <i>Dolabella</i> [And <i>Dolabella</i> (])	2366 Then yet (? <i>alternatives</i> )
spoyles. (spoyles)	2371 cruell ( <i>turned n for u</i> )
2192 <i>Numantia</i> . ( <i>Numantia</i> )	2375 foyl'd :
2209 <i>Gradinus</i> ( <i>Gradinus</i> )	2411 accurf'd ( <i>space before d</i> <i>but apostrophe doubtful</i> )
2213 lues.) [?]	2422 breath ? (? <i>breathe,</i> )
2221 Strenghen	2470 come (come,) friend (friend ;)
2232 acts. (acts)	2481 comfort rings. <i>B.M.</i> and <i>Bodl.</i> : comfort gs .
2252 eur	<i>Devon.</i> comfort gs .
2272 flaine. (flaine)	<i>Dyce</i> read comfort
2274 Behould (Beheld)	brings.
fiends. (fiends)	2498 bee. (bee,)
2276 vpbraues	2500 life. (life ;)
2283 In (in)	2517 a round
2291 Comegreeelly	2522 cndlesse
2309 earth. (earth,)	vpon. (? vpon,)
c.w. wish (W1sh)	2533 The (the)
2313 iie. (ie,)	2552 But (? Nor)
2318 <i>Cæsars</i> ( <i>Brutus</i> )	2559 <i>Elysium</i>
2324 expiate. <i>Altheas</i> come. (? expiate <i>Altheas</i> crime.)	
2337 power	

## ADDITIONAL STAGE DIRECTIONS

37	Exit Discord.	2109	Exit Ghost.
331	Exeunt.	2125	Exeunt.
366	Exeunt.	2149	Exit Discord.
481	Enter Anthony.	2269	Exeunt: manet Brutus.
606	Exeunt.	2315	Exit Ghost.
641	Exit Discord.	2328	Exit Brutus.
765	Exeunt.	2346	Cato dies. Enter Cassius.
1520	Exeunt.	2382	Exit Cassius.
1684	Exit Caesar.	2433	Exit Titinius.
1692	Exit Cassius. Enter the Senate.	2471	Cassius stabs himself.
1739	? Exeunt.	2501	Titinius stabs himself.
1788	Exit Discord.	2525	? Brutus stabs himself.
1810	Enter Lord.	2570	Exeunt.
1971	Exeunt.		

It is possible that Cassius should be marked as entering with the others at l. 947 and that the speeches of II. iv marked *Cas.* belong to him and not to Casca.

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The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for kind permission to reproduce the title-page of the undated quarto in his possession.



THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
Cæsar and Pompey  
OR  
CÆSARS  
Reuenge.



AT LONDON  
Imprinted by G. E. for John Wright, and are to bee  
sould at his shop at Christ-church Gate.



THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
Cæsar and Pompey.  
OR  
CÆSARS  
Reuenge.

---

Priuately acted by the Students of Trinity  
Colledge in Oxford,

---

AT LONDON  
Imprinted for Nathaniel Fosbrooke and John Wright, and are  
to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the  
signe of the Heimet.

1607.  
1608  
1609  
1610  
1611  
1612  
1613  
1614  
1615.



# The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

*Sound a larm then flames of fire.*

*Enter Discord.*

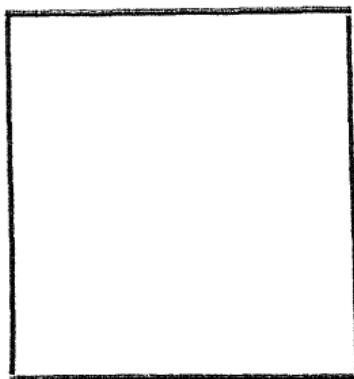
HEARKE how the Romaine drums sound bloud & death,  
And Mars high mounted on his Thracian Steede:  
Runs madding through Pharsalias purple fieldes.  
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men  
It's now entomb'd with Carkases of Men.  
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous sights,  
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.  
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans war,*)  
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly jar.  
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,  
The Beare doth hide her in forbidden Sea,  
Feare makes *Bootes* swiften her slowe pace,  
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,  
And his vnwilde burthen to forsake.  
*Cesars* keene *Falchion*, through the *Aduerse* rakes,  
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,  
Through troupes & troonkes, & Steele, & standing blood:  
He whose piod Trophies whileom *Asia* field,  
And conquered *Pontus*, singe his lasting praise.  
Great *Pompey*, Great, while Fortune did him raise,  
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes  
And to the ground casts of his high hang'd lookes.  
You gentle Heauens, O execute your wrath  
On vile mortality, that hath scornd your powers.  
You night borne Sisters to whose haires are ty'd  
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men  
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,  
And if, O starres you haue an influence:  
That may confounde this high erected heape

A 3

Downe



THE  
T R A G E D I E  
O F  
Cæsar and Pompey  
OR  
C A E S A R S  
Reuenge.



AT LONDON  
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# The names of the Actors.

## *Discora.*

<i>Titinius</i>	<i>Roman 1</i>
<i>Brutus.</i>	<i>Roman 2</i>
<i>Pompey</i>	<i>Bonus Genius.</i>
<i>Cæsar.</i>	<i>Calphurnia.</i>
<i>Anthony</i>	<i>Augur.</i>
<i>Dolobella.</i>	<i>Præcentor.</i>
<i>Cornelia.</i>	<i>Senators</i>
<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Bucolian.</i>
<i>Achillas.</i>	<i>Octavian.</i>
<i>Sempronius</i>	<i>Cæsars Ghost.</i>
<i>Cassius.</i>	<i>Cicero.</i>
<i>Cato Sen.</i>	<i>Cato Jun.</i>
<i>Casca.</i>	<i>Camber.</i>

# The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

*Sound alarum then flames of fire.*

*Chor. I*

*Enter Discord*

Heare how the *Romaine* drums sound bloud & death,  
And *Mars* high mounted on his *Thracian Steede* :  
Runs madding through *Pharsalias* purple fieldes.  
The earth that's wont to be a *Tombe* for Men  
It's now entomb'd with *Carkases* of Men.  
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous fights,  
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.  
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans* war,) 10  
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar  
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,  
The *Beare* doth hide her in forbidden Sea,  
Feare makes *Bootes* swiften her slowe pace,  
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,  
And his vnwldy burthen to forsake  
*Cæsars* keene *Falchion*, through the *Aduerse* rankes,  
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,  
Through troupes & troonkes, & steele, & standing blood :  
He whose proud *Trophies* whileom *Asia* field, 20  
And conquered *Pontus*, finge his lasting praise.  
Great *Pompey*; Great, while Fortune did him raiſe,  
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes  
And to the ground casts of his high hang'd lookeſ.  
You gentle Heauenſ. O execute your wrath  
On vile mortality, that hath ſcornd your powers.  
You night borne Sisters to whose haires are ty'd  
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men  
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,  
And if, O starres you haue an influence : 30  
That may confounde this high erected heape

## *The Tragedy*

Downe powre it ; Vomit out your worst of ills  
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vnconquered strength,  
Perish and conquerd Be with her owne strength :  
And win all powers to disioyne and breake,  
Consume, confound, dissolute, and discipate  
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raised vp

*Act 1*  
*sc. 1*

*Enter Titinius*

*Tit* The day is lost our hope and honours lost,  
40 The glory of the *Romaine* name is lost,  
The liberty and commonweale is lost,  
The Gods that whileom heard the *Romaine* state,  
And *Quirinus*, whose strong puissant arme,  
Did shild the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,  
Do now conspire to wracke the gallant Ship,  
Euen in the harbor of her wished greatnesse  
And her gay streamers, and faire wauering sayles,  
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,  
To drowne with Billows of orewhelming woes

50 *Enter Brutus*

*Bru* The Foe preuayles, *Brutus*, thou striuest in vaine.  
Many a soule to day is sent to Hell,  
And many a galant haue I don to death,  
In *Pharsalias* bleeding Earth : the world can tell,  
How litle *Brutus* praizd this puffe of breath,  
If losse of that my countries weale might gaine,  
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed :  
That *Rome* in highest of her fortunes pich,  
In top of souerainty and imperiall swaye  
60 By her owne height should worke her owne decay

*Enter Pompey*

*Pom* Where may I fly into some desert place,  
Some vncouth, vnfrequented craggy rocke,  
Where as my name and state was neuer heard  
I flie the Batle because here I see,  
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharsalias* earth  
Which do remember me what earst I was,  
Who brought such troopes of soldiars to the fielde,  
And of so many thousand had command :

My

My flight a heauy memory doth renew,  
Which tels me I was wont to stay and winne.  
But now a souldier of my scatred traine:  
Offered me seruice and did call me Lord,  
O then I thought whome rising Sunne saw high,  
Descending he beheld my misery:  
Flie to the holow roote of some steepe rocke,  
And in that flinty habitation hide,  
Thy wofull face: from face and view of men.  
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beside:  
*Pompey* was neuer wont his head to hide  
Flie where thou wilt, thou bearst about thee smart,  
Shame at thy heeles and greefe lies at thy heart.

*Tit.* But see *Titinius* where two warriers stand,  
Casting their eyes downe to the cheareles earthe:  
Alasse to soone I know them for to bee  
*Pompey* and *Brutus*, who like *Ajax* stand,  
When as forsooke of Fortune mong'ſt his foes,  
Greife stopt his breath nor could he speake his woes,

*Pom.* Accursed *Pompey*, loe thou art descrided.  
But stay; they are thy friends that thou behouldest,  
O rather had I now haue met my foes: (woes  
Whose daggers poynts might straight haue piercd my  
Then thus to haue my friends behold my shame.  
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame,

*Bru.* *Brutus* Cast vp thy discontented looke:  
And see two Princes thy two noble friends,  
Who though it greeues me that I thus them see,  
Yet ioy I to bee seene they liuing be. *He speakes unto them.*  
Let not the change of this succesles fight,  
(O noble Lords,) dismay these daunteles mindes,  
Which the faire vertue not blind chance doth rule,  
*Cæsar* not vs subdued hath, but *Rome*,  
And in that fight twas best be ouerthrowne.  
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but smale,  
Whose victory is but his Countries fal,

*Pom.* O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and see,  
My Souldiars dead, my friends lie slaine in field,

## *The Tragedy*

My hopes cast downe, mine Honors ouerthrowne,  
My Country subiect to a Tirants rule,  
110 My foe triumphing and my selfe forlorne.

Oh had I perished in that prosperous warre  
Euen in mine Honors height, that happy day,  
When *Mithridates* fall did rayse my fame :  
Then had I gonue with Honor to my graue.  
But *Pompey* was by envious heauens referu'd,  
Captiue to followe *Cæsars* Chariot wheeles  
Riding in triumph to the Capitol :  
And *Rome* oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,  
Shall now resound the blemish of my name.

120 *Bru.* Oh what disgrace can taunt this worthiness,  
Of which remaine such living monuments  
Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.  
Although the oppresyon of distressed *Rome*  
And our owne ouerthrow, might well drawe forth,  
Distilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,  
Yet should no weake effeminate passion fease  
Vpon that man, the greatnesse of whose minde  
And not his Fortune made him term'd the Great.

*Pom.* Oh I did neuer taft mine Honours sweete  
130 Nor now can iudge of this my sharpest sowre.  
Fifty eight yeares in Fortunes sweete soft lap  
Haue I beene luld a sleepe with pleasant ioyes,  
Me hath she dandled in her foulding Armes,  
And fed my hopes with prosperous euentes :  
Shee Crownd my Cradle with succeſſe and Honour,  
And shall disgrace a waite my haples Hearſe ?  
Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,  
And now an ould man shall I waite my fall ?  
Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs past,  
140 The Consul-ships and Honours I haue borne ;  
The fame and feare where in great *Pompey* liu'd,  
Then doth my grieued Soule informe me this,  
My fall augmented by my former biffe.

*Bru.* Why do we vſe of vertues strength to vant,

of *Julius Cæsar*.

If euery croffe a Noble mind can daunt,  
Wee talke of courage, then, is courage knowne,  
When with mishap our state is ouerthrowne:  
Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.

Wihch in the cheefest brunt doth hrinke and feare,  
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue shew,  
But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,  
Nor thinke this conquest shalbe *Pompeys* fall:

Or that *Pharsalia* shall thine honour bury,  
*Egypt* shalbe vnpeopled for thine ayde.

And Cole-black *Libians*, shall manure the grounde  
In thy defence with bleeding hearts of men.

*Pom.* O second hope of sad oppressed *Rome*,  
In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue shines,  
That purchast first the *Romaine* liberty,  
Let me imbrace thee: liue victorious youth,  
When death and angry fates shall call me hence,  
To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke  
My harder fortune, and more cruell starrs  
Enuied to me so great a happines  
Do not prolong my life with vaine false hopes,  
To deepe dispaire and sorrow I am vow'd:  
Do not remoue me from that fetled thought,  
With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolomey*,  
*Egypt* and *Libia* at choyse I haue  
But onely which of them Ile make my graue.

*Tit.* Tis but discomfort which misgreeues thee this,  
Greefe by dispaire seemes greater then it is,

*Brut.* Tis womannish to wayle and mone our greefe,  
By Industrie do wife men seeke releefe,  
If that our casting do fall out a miss,  
Our cunning play must then correct the dice.

*Pom.* Well if it needs must bee then let me goe,  
Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,  
And sue and bow, where earft I did command.  
He that goeth seeking of a Tirant aide,  
Though free he went, a seruant then is made.  
Take we our last farewell, then though with paine,

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Here

*The Tragedy*

Heere three do part that ne're shall meet againe.

*Exit Pompey at on dore, Titinius at  
another. Brutus alone*

A C T V S 1.      S C E N A 2.

*Enter Cæsar*

*Cæs.* Follow your chafe, and let your light-foote steedes  
Flying as swift as did that winged horse  
190 That with strong fethered *Pinions* cloue the Ayre,  
Or'take the coward flight of your base foe.

*Bru.* Do not with-drawe thy mortall woundring blade,  
But sheath it *Cæsar* in my wounded heart:  
Let not that heart that did thy Country wound  
Feare to lay *Brutus* bleeding on the ground  
Thy fatall stroke of death shall more mee glad,  
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories;  
My funerall Cypresse, then thy Lawrell Crowne,  
My mournefull Beere shall winne more Praife and Fame  
200 Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.  
Heere in these fatall fieldes let *Brutus* die,  
And beare so many Romaines company.

*Cæsa* T'was not 'gainst thee this fatall blade was drawne  
Which can no more pierce *Brutus* tender fides  
Then mine owne heart, or ought then heart more deere,  
For all the wronges thou didſt, or strokes thou gau'ſt  
*Cæſar* on thee will take no worse reuenge,  
Then bid thee ſtill commande him and his ſtate:  
True fetled loue can neere bee turn'd to hate

210 *Brut.* To what a pitch would this mans vertues fore,  
Did not ambition clog his mounting fame,  
*Cæſar* thy ſword hath all bliſſe from me taine  
And giueſt me life where beſt were to be ſlaine.  
O thou haſt robd me of my chiefest ioy,  
And ſeek'ſt to please me with a babiſh toye. *Exit Brutus.*

*Cæſ.* *Cæſar Pharsalia* doth thy conqueſt ſound  
*Ioues* welcom meſſenger faire Victory,

Hath

of *Iulius Cæsar*

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay,  
And Io ioyfull, Io doth she sing  
And through the world thy lasting prayses ring.  
But yet amidst thy gratefull melody  
I heare a hoarse, and heauy dolfull voyce,  
Of my deare Country crying, that to day  
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.  
In which how many fatall strokes I gaue,  
So many woundes her tender brest receiu'd.  
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire  
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,  
Both flew vnkowning, both vnkownne are flaine,  
O that ambition should such mischiefe worke  
Or meane Men die for great mens proud desire.

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A C T V S 1.      S C E N A 3.

*Enter Anthony, Dolobella, Lord and others*

*An.* From sad *Pharsalia* blushing al with bloud,  
From deaths pale triumphes, *Pompey* ouerthrowne,  
*Romains* in forraine soyles, brething their last,  
Reuenge, strange wars and dreadfull stratagems,  
Wee come to set the Lawrell on thy head  
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with ioyes

*Dolo* As when that *Hector* from the *Grecian* campe  
With spoiles of slaughtered *Argians* return'd,  
The *Troyan* youths with crownes of conquering palme:  
The *Phrigian* Virgins with faire flowry wrethes  
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of *Ilium*,  
So for thy victory and conquering actes  
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renowne,  
Which shall eternally thy head adorne.

*Lord.* Now hath thy fword made paſſage for thy ſelfe,  
To wade in bloud of them that fought thy death,  
The ambitious riuall of thine Honors high,  
Whose mightineſſe earſt made him to be feard  
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

240

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## *The Tragedy*

Whil'st thou remainst the conquering *Hercules*  
Triumphing in thy spoyles and victories.

*Cæs.* When *Phæbus* left faire *Thetis* watery couch,  
And peeping forth from out the goulden gate  
Of his bright pallace, say our battle rank'd:  
Oft did hee seeke to turtie his fiery steedes,  
Oft hid his face, and shund such tragick fights

260 What stranger passest euer by this cost  
Thee this accursed soyle distainde with blood  
Not Christall riuers, are to quench thy thirst  
For goaring stremes, their riuers cleerenesse staines :  
Heere are no hils wherewith to feede thine eyes,  
But heaped hils of mangled Carkases,  
Heere are no birdes to please thee with their notes:  
But rauenous Vultures, and night Rauens horse.

*Anto* What meanes great *Cæsar*; droopes our generall,  
Or melts in womanish compassion:

270 To see *Pharsalias* fieldes to change their hewe  
And siluer stremes be turn'd to lakes of blood?  
Why *Cæsar* oft hath sacrific'd in *France*,  
Millions of Soules, to *Plutoes* grisly dames:  
And made the changed coloured *Rhene* to blush,  
To beare his bloody burthen to the sea.  
And when as thou in mayden *Albion* shore  
The *Romaine*, *Ægle* brauely didst aduance,  
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,  
No heart with more couragious Noble fire

280 And hope, did burne with glorious great intent.  
And now shall passion base that Noble minde,  
And weake euents that courage ouercome?  
Let *Pompey* proud, and *Pompey's* Complices  
Die on our swrds, that did enuie our liues,  
Let pale *Tyssiphone* be cloyd with bloud:  
And snaky furies quench their longing thirst,  
And *Cæsar* liue to glory in their end.

*Cæs.* They say when as the younger *African*,  
Beheld the mighty Carthage wofull fall:  
290 And sawe her stately Towers to smoke from farre,

*of Julius Cæsar.*

He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekeſ,   
Let pity then and true compaffion,   
Moue vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,   
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,   
But *Rome* our natuie Country, haſples *Rome*,   
Whose bowels to vngently we haue peerc'd,   
Faire pride of *Europe*, Mistrefſe of the world,   
Cradle of vertues, nurſe of true renowne,   
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of ſeauen hils:   
That thou the lower worldes ſeauen climes mightſt rule 300   
Thee the proud *Parthian* and the cole-black *Moore*,   
The ſterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,   
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maieſty.   
And yet I bred and foſtered in thy lappe,   
Durſt ſtrive to ouerthrowe thy Capitol:   
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.

*Dolo.* O *Rome*, and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,   
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,   
And the wide *Ocean* was thy Empires boundes,   
And thou enricht with ſpoyleſ of all the world,   
Was waxen proud with peace and ſoueraine raigne:   
That Ciuill warres ſhould loſe what Forraine won,   
And peace his ioyes, be turn'd to luckles broyleſ. 310

*Lord.* O *Pompey*, cursed cauſe of ciuill warre,   
Which of thoſe hel-borne ſterne *Eumenides*:   
Inflam'd thy minde with ſuich ambitious fire,   
As nougħt could quench it but thy Countries bloud.

*Dolo.* But this no while thy valour doth deſtayne,   
Which foundſt vnfought for cauſe of ciuill broyleſ,   
And fatall fuel which this fire enflam'd.

*Anto.* Let then his death ſet period to this ſtrife,   
Which was begun by his ambitious life.

*Cæſ.* The flying *Pompey* to *Larissa* haſteſ,   
And by *Theſſalian* Temple ſhapec his course:   
Where faire *Peneus* tumbles vp his waueſ,   
Him weeſe purſue as fast as he vs flies,   
Nor he though garded with *Numidian* horſe,   
Nor ayded with the vnreſiſted powre:

## *The Tragedy*

The *Meroe*, or seauen mouth'd Nile can yeeld:  
330 No not all *Affrick* arm'd in his defence  
Shall serue to shrowd him from my fatall fworde. *Exit*

*Act I*  
*sc. ii*

A C T. I.

S C. 4.

*Enter Cato*

*Ca.* O where is banish'd liberty exil'd,  
To *Affrick* deserts or to *Scythia* rockes,  
Or whereas siluer streaming *Tanais* is?  
Happy is *India* and *Arabia* blest,  
And all the bordering regions vpon *Nile*  
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,  
340 But we that boast of *Brutes* and *Colatins*,  
And glory we expeld proud *Tarquins* name,  
Do greeue to loofe, that we so long haue held.  
Why reckon we our yeares by *Confuls* names:  
And so long ruld in freedon, now to serue?  
They lie that say in Heauen there is a powre  
That for to wracke the finnes of guilty men,  
Holds in his hand a fierce three-forked dart.  
Why would he throw them downe on *Oéta* mount  
Or wound the vnderringing *Rhodope*,  
350 And not rayne showers of his dead-doing darter,  
Furor in flame, and Sulphures smothering heate  
Vpon the wicked and accurs'd armes  
That cruell *Romains* 'gainst their Country beare.  
*Rome* ware thy fall: those prodigies foretould,  
When angry heauens did powre downe showers of blood  
And fatall *Comets* in the heauens did blasfe,  
And all the Statues in the Temple blast,  
Did weepe the losse of *Romane* liberty.  
Then if the Gods haue destined thine end,  
360 Yet as a Mother hauing lost her Sonne,  
*Cato* shall waite vpon thy tragick hearse,  
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles corse.  
Ile tune a sad and dol-full funerall song,

Still

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Still crying on lost liberties sweete name,  
Thy sacred ashes will I wash with teares,  
And thus lament my Countries obsequies.

A C T . 1 .      S C 5 .

Act I  
sc 111

*Enter Pompey and Cornelius*

*Cor.* O cruel *Pompey* whether wilt thou flye,  
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,  
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will  
That still it feuers in extremity.  
O let me go with thee, and die with thee,  
Nothing shall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke  
That shee endures for her sweete *Pompeys* sake.

370

*Pom.* Tis for thy weale and safty of thy life,  
Whose safty I preferre before the world,  
Because I loue thee more then all the world,  
That thou (sweete loue) should'st heere remaine behinde  
Till proofe assureth *Ptolomyes* doubted faith.

380

*Cor.* O dearest, what shall I my safty call,  
That which is thrust in dangers harmefull mouth ?  
Lookes not the thing so bad with such a name,  
Call it my death, my bale, my wo, my hell,  
That which indangers my sweete *Pompeys* life.

*Pom.* It is no danger (gentle loue) at all,  
Tis but thy feare that doth it so miscall.

*Cor.* Ift bee no danger let me go with thee,  
And of thy safty a partaker bee,  
Alas why would'st thou leaue mee thus alone :  
Thinkst thou I cannot follow thee by Land  
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,  
Or do I varie in inconstant hopes :  
O but thinke you my pleasure luckles is  
And I haue made thee more vnfortunate.  
Tis I, tis I, haue cauf'd this ouerthrow,  
Tis my accursed starres that boade this ill,  
And those mis-fortunes to my princely loue,

390

## *The Tragedy*

Reuenge thee *Pompey*, on this wicked brat,  
400 And end my woes by ending of my life,

*Pom.* What meanes my loue to aggrauate my griefe,  
And torture my enough tormented Soule,  
With greater greuance then *Pharsalian* losse ?  
Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,  
And these fayr Seas, that raine downe shouers of tears,  
Do melt my soule in liqued stremes of sorrow.

If that in *Ægypt* any daunger bee,  
Then let my death procure thy sweet liues safety,

*Cor.* Can I bee safe and *Pompey* in distresse,

410 Or may *Cornelia* furuiue they death,  
What daunger euer happens to my Soule  
What daunger eke shall happen to my life,  
Nor *Libians* quick-fands, nor the barking gulf,  
Or gaping *Scylla* shall this Vnion part,  
But still Ile chayne thee in my twining armes,  
And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.

*Pom.* O how thy loue doth ease my greeued minde,  
Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauens,  
Vnder the which steele-shouldred Atlas grones  
420 But now thy loue doth hurt thy selfe and me,  
And thy to ardent strong affection,  
Hinders my settled resolusion.

Then by this loue, and by these christall eyes,  
More bright then are the Lamps of *Jones* high house,  
Let me in this (I feare) my last request  
Not to indanger thy beloued life,  
But in this shipp remayne, and here awaite,  
How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,

*Cor.* Not so perswaded as coniurd sweete loue,  
430 By thy commanding meeke petition.

I cannot say I yeeld, yet am constraind,  
This neuer meeting parting to permit,  
Then go deere loue, yet stay a little while,  
Some what I am shure, tis more I haue to say,  
Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy steps.  
Yet let me speake, why should we part so foone,

Why

*of Julius Cæsar.*

Why is my talke tedious? may be tis the last.

Do women leaue their husbands in such hast,

*Pom.* More faithfull, then that fayre deflowred dame,  
That sacrificide her selfe to Chasfety,

440

And far more louing then the *Cæsarian* Queene,  
That dranke her Husbands neuer fundred heart.

If that I dye, yet will it glad my fōule,

Which then shall feede on those *Elisian* ioyes,

That in the sacred Temple of thy breast,

My liuing memory shall shrinde bee

But if that eniuious fates should call thee hence,

And Death with pale and meager looke vsurpe,

Vpon those rosiate lips, and Currall cheekeſ,

Then Ayre be turnde, to poyſon to infect me,

Earth gape and ſwallow him that Heauens hate,

Conſume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,

Or Water drowne, who elſe would melt in teares.

But liue, liue happy ſtill, in ſafety liue,

Who ſafety onely to my life can giue. *Exit.*

450

*Cor.* O he is gon, go hie thee after him,

My vow forbids, yet ſtill my care is with thee,

My cryes ſhall wake the filuer Moone by night,

And with my teares I will ſalute the Morne.

No day ſhall paſſe with out my dayly plaints,

No houre without my prayers for thy returne.

My minde misgiues mee *Pompey* is betrayd.

O *Ægypt* do not rob me of my loue.

Why beareth *Ptolomy* ſo ſterne a looke?

O do not ſtaine thy childeſh yeares with blood:

Whilſt *Pompey* florished in his Fortunes pride,

*Ægypt* and *Ptolomy* were faine to ferue

And ſhue for grace to my diſtrefſed Lord:

But little bootes it, to record he was,

To be is onely that which Men reſpect,

Go poore *Cornelia* wander by the ſhore

And ſee the waters raging Billowes ſwell,

And beate with fury gainſt the craggy rockes,

To that compare thy iſtrong tempeſtuous grieſe

460

470

VVhich

# The Tragedy

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,  
Sorrow shuts vp the paſſage of thy breath:  
And dries the teares that pity faine would ſhed,  
This onely therefore, this will I ſtill crie,  
Let Pompey liue although *Cornelia* die

Exit.

Act I  
sc. iv

## A C T V S . 1 .

## S C E N A . 6 .

Enter *Cæſar*, *Cleopatra*, *Dolobella*, *Lord* and others

482 *Cæſ* Thy ſad complaints fayre Lady cannot chufe,  
But mooue a heart though made of *Adamant*,  
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,  
I will replant thee in the *Ægyptian* Throne  
And all thy wrongs shall *Cæſars* vallor right,  
Ile pull thy crowne from the vſurpers head,  
And make the Conquered *Ptolomey* to ſtoope,  
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene

490 *Cleo.* Looke as the Earth at her great loues approch,  
When goulden trefſed fayre *Hipperrions* Sonne  
With thoſe life-lending beames ſalutes his Spouse,  
Doth then caſt of her moorning widdowes weeds,  
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,  
To cloth her in the beauty of the ſpring,  
And of fayre primroſes, and ſweet violets,  
To make gay Garlonds for to crowne her head.  
So hath your preſence, welcome and fayre fight,  
That glads the world, comforts poore *Ægypt* Queene,  
500 Who begs for ſuccor of that conquering hand,  
That as *Ioues* Scepter this our world doth ſway.

*Dolo.* Who would refufe to ayde ſo fayre a Queene

*Lord.* Base bee the mind, that for ſo ſweet a fayre,  
Would not aduenture more then *Perſeus* did,  
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.

*Cæſar.* O how thoſe louely *Tyranizing* eyes,  
The Graces beautious habitation,  
Where ſweet deſire, darter woundring shafts of loue:  
Conſume my heart with inward burning heate  
510 Not onely *Ægypt* but all *Africa*,

Will

of *Iulius Cæsar.*

Will I subiect to *Cleopatras* name.

Thy rule shall stretch from vnknowne *Zanziber*,  
Vnto those Sandes where high effected poastes.  
Of great *Alcides*, do vp hold his name,  
The funne burnt Indians, from the east shall bring:  
Their pretious store of pure refined gould,  
The laboring worme shall weave the *Africke* twilte,  
And to exceed the pompe of *Persian* Queene,  
The Sea shall pay the tribute of his pearles.  
For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,  
Which in their curled knots, my thoughts do hold,  
Thoughtes captiud to thy beauties conquering power

520

*Anto.* I marueyle not at that which fables tell,  
How rauisht *Hellen* moued the angry *Greeks*,  
To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious seege,  
To re-obtayne a beauty so diuine,  
When I beheld thy sweete composed face  
O onely worthy for whose matchles sake,  
Another seege, and new warres should arise,  
*Hector* be dragde about the *Grecian* campe,  
And *Troy* againe consumed with *Grecian* fire.

530

*Cleo* Great Prince, what thanks can *Cleopatra* giue,  
Nought haue poore Virgins to requite such good:  
My simble selfe and seruice then vouchsafe,  
And let the heauens, and he that althings fees  
With equall eyes such merits recompence,  
I doe not seeke ambitiouly to rule,  
And in proud *Africa* to monarchize.  
I onely craue that what my father gaue,  
Who in his last be-heft did dying, will,  
That I should ioyntly with my brother raigne:

540

*But.* How sweet those words drop from those hunny lips  
Which whilst she speakes they still each other kisse.

*Cæsa*, Raigne, I, stiil raigne in *Cæsars* conquered thoughts,  
There build thy pallace, and thy sun-bright throne:  
There sway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,  
Those traicterous thoughts (if any dare aryse:)  
That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

*The Tragedy*

To chase thee flying *Pompey* haue I cut,  
550 The great *Ionian*, and *Egean* seas:  
And dredeles past the toyling *Hellespont*,  
Famous for amorous *Leanders* death:  
And now by gentle *Fortunes* so am blest,  
As to behold what mazed thoughtes admire:  
Heauens wonder, Natures and Earths Ornament,  
And gaze vpon these firy sun-bright eyes:  
The Heauenly spheares which Loue and Beauty mooue,  
These Cheeke where Lillyes and red-roses striue,  
For soueraignty, yet both do equall raigne:  
560 The dangling tresses of thy curled haire,  
Nets weaud to cach our frayle and wandring thoughtes:  
Thy beauty shining like proud *Phæbus* face,  
When *Ganges* glittereth with his radiant beames  
He on his goulden trapped *Palfreys* rides,  
That from their nostrels do the morning blow,  
Through Heauens great path-way pau'd with shining  
Thou art the fized pole of my Soules ioy, (starres)  
Bout which my resteles thoughts are ouer turn'd:  
My *Cynthia*, whose glory neuer waynes,  
570 Guyding the Tide of mine affections :  
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,  
Dost make my doubtfull ioyes to eb and flowe  
*Cleo.* Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achiu'd,  
That make thy farre extolled name to sound:  
From sun-burnt East vnto the VWestern Iles,  
VWhich great *Neptnus* fouldeith in his armes,  
It shall not be the least to seat a Maide,  
And inthronize her in her natuie right.  
*Lord.* VVhat neede you stand disputing on your right,  
580 Or prouing title to the *Ægyptian* Crowne:  
Borne to be Queene and Empresse of the world.  
*An.* On thy perfection let me euer gaze,  
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,  
Heere may you surfet with delicious store,  
The more you see, desire to looke the more:  
Vpon her face a garden of delite,

*of Julius Cæsar.*

Exceeding far *Adonis* fayned Bowre,  
Heere staind white Lyllies spread their branches faire,  
Heere lips fend forth sweete Gilly-flowers smell.  
And Damasck-rose in her faire cheeke do bud,  
VVhile beds of Violets still come betweene  
VVith fresh varyety to please the eye,  
Nor neede these flowers the heate of *Phæbus* beames,  
They cherisht are by vertue of her eyes  
O that I might but enter in this bowre,  
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower

590

*Cæs.* Now wend we Lords to *Alexandria*,  
Famous for thosse wide wondred *Pyramids*.  
Whose towring tops do feeme to threat the skie,  
And make it proud by presence of my loue:  
Then *Paphian* Temples and *Cytherian* hils,  
And sacred *Gnidas* bonnet vaile to it,  
A fayrer saint then *Venus* there shall dwell.

600

*Antho* Led with the lode-starre of her lookes, I go  
As crazed Bark is toff'd in trobled Seas,  
Vncertaine to ariue in wished port

A C T. I.

F I N I S.

*Enter Discord*

*Flashes of fire. Chor. II*

*Antho.* Now *Cæsar* hath thy flattering Fortune heapt  
Those golden gifts and promis'd victories,  
By fatall signes at *Rubicon* foretould:  
Then triumph in thy glorious greatest pride,  
And boast thou cast the lucky Die so well,  
Now let the *Triton* that did found alarme,  
In his shrill trump resound the victory,  
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:  
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.

610

Though *Cæsar* be as great as great may be,  
Yet *Pompey* once was euen as great as he,  
And how he rode clad in *Setorius* spoyles:  
And the *Sicilian* Pirats ouerthrowe

620

## *The Tragedy*

Ruling like *Nepoune* in the mid-land Seas,  
Who basely now by Land and Sea doth flie,  
The heauenly *Rectors* prosecuting wrath,  
Yet Sea nor Land can shroud him from this iar,  
O how it ioyes my discord thirsting thoughts,  
To see them waight, that whilom flow'd in blisse  
To see like *Banners*, vnlike quarrels haue.  
And *Roman* weapons shethd in *Roman* blood,  
630 For this I left the deepe Infernall shades  
And past the sad *Auernus* vgly iawes,  
And in the world came I, being Discord hight,  
Discord the daughter of the greefly night.  
To make the world a hell of plauges and woes,  
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,  
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddesSES,  
That so much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* spilt,  
Twas I that caused the deadly *Thebans* warre,  
And made the brothers swell with endlesse hate.  
640 And now O *Rome*, woe, woe, to thee I cry  
Which to the world do bring al misery

*Act II*  
*sc. 1*

## A C T V S 2.

## S C E N A 4.

*Enter Achillas, and Sempronius.*

*Ach.* Here are we placed, by *Ptolomies* command,  
To murther *Pompey* when he comes on shore,  
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they selfe  
To execute the charge thou hast in hand,  
*Sem* I am a *Romaine*, and haue often serued,  
Vnder his collours, when in former state,  
650 *Pompey* hath bin the Generall of the field,  
But cause I see that now the world is changd :  
And like wife feele some of King *Ptolomeis* gould.  
Ile kill him were he twenty Generalls,  
And fend him packing to his longest home.  
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made.  
Who when he should haue stabbed *Marius*,

They

*of Julius Cæsar.*

They say he was alstonished with his lookes.  
*Marius*, had I beene there, thou neere hadst liu'd,  
To brag thee of thy seauen Consulships.

*Achil.* Brauely resolu'd, Noble *Sempronius*,  
The damnedst villaine that ere I heard speake:  
But great men still must haue such instruments,  
To bring about their purpose, whiche once donne,  
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:  
Thou shalt no lesse (stout *Romaine*) be renown'd,  
For being *Pompey's* Deaths-man, then was he,  
That fir'd the faire *Ægyptian* Goddesse Church

660

*Sem.* Nay that's al one, report say what she list,  
Tis for no shadowes I aduenture for:  
Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods,  
This betweene Princes doth contention bring:  
Brothers this sets at odds, turnes loue to hate;  
It makes the Sonne to wish his Father hang'd  
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:  
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,  
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,  
This hand, this fword, should rape and rip it out.

670

*Achil.* Compaffion would that greedinesse restraine.

*Sem.* I that's my fault, I am to compaffionate,  
Why man, art thou a souldier and doſt talke  
Of womanish pity and compaffion?  
Mens eyes must milſtones drop, when fooles ſhed teares,  
But soft heeres *Pompey*, Ile about my worke

680

*Enter Pompey.*

*Pom.* Trusting vpon King *Ptolomeys* promif'd fayth,  
And hoping ſuccor, I am come to ſhore:  
In *Egypt* heere a while to make aboade.

*Sem.* Fayth longer *Pompey* then thou doſt expect.

*Pom.* See now worlds Monarchs, whom your ſtate makes  
That thinke your Honors to be permanent, (proud) 690  
Of Fortunes change ſee heere a president,  
Who whilom did command, now muſt intreat  
And ſue for that which to accept of late,  
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

*The Tragedy*

*Sem.* I pray thee *Pompey* do not spend thy breath,  
In reckning vp these rusty titles now,  
Which thy ambition grāc'd thee with before,  
I must confessē thou wert my Generall,  
But that cannot availe to faue thy life.

700 *Talke* of thy Fortune while thou list,  
There is thy fortune *Pompey* in my fist.

*Pom.* O you that know what hight of honor meanes,  
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,  
Haue climd the heigheft top of soueraignety  
From all that pomp to be cast hed-long downe,  
You may conceaue what *Pompey* doth sustayne,  
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,  
But to be met with troopes of Horse and Men.  
With playes and pageants to be entreynd,

710 A courtly trayne in royll rich aray,  
With spangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,  
Mounted on steeds, with braue Caparisons deckt,  
That in their gates did seeme to scorne the Earth  
Was wont my intreyntment beautifie,  
But now thy comming is in meaner fort,  
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate

*Sem.* What doſt thou for ſuſh entreynement looke,  
*Pompey* how ere thy comming hether bee,  
I haue prouided for thy going hence

720 *Achi.* I will draw neere, and with fayre pleaſing ſhew,  
Wellcome great *Pompey* as the *Siren* doth  
The wandering ſhipman with her charming ſong.

*Pom.* O how it greeues a noble hauty mind,  
Framed vp in honors vncoutrouled ſchoole,  
To ferue and ſue, whoe erſt did rule and ſway  
What ſhall I goe and ſtoope to *Ptolomey*,  
Nought to a noble mind more greefe can bring  
Then be a begger where thou wert a King,

*Ach.* Wellcome a ſhore moſt great and gratious prince  
730 Wellcome to *Ægypt* and to *Ptolomey*.  
The King my Maifters is at hand my Lord,  
To gratulate your ſafe ariuall heere

*Sem.*

*of Iulius Cæsar.*

*Sem.* This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,  
Which must thy comming gratulate a non,

*Pom.* Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,  
It ioyes me much that in extremity,  
I found so sure a friend as *Ptolomey*,

*Sem.* Now is the date of thy proud life expird,  
To which my poniard must a full poynt put,  
*Pompey* from *Ptolomey* I come to thee, 740  
From whome a prefant and a guift I bring,  
This is the gift and this my message is *Stab him*

*Pom.* O Villaine thou hast slayne thy Generall,  
And with thy base hand gor'd my royll heart.  
Well I haue liued till to that heighth I came,  
That all the world did tremble at my name,  
My greatnesse then by fortune being enuied,  
Stabed by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.

*Ach.* What is he dead, then straight cut of his head,  
That whilom mounted with ambitions wings: 750  
*Cæsar* no doubt with praise and noble thanks,  
Regarding well this well deserued deede,  
Whome weeble present with this most pleasing gift,

*Sem.* Loe you my maisters, hee that kills but one,  
Is straight a Villaine and a murtherer cald,  
But they that vse to kill men by the great,  
And thousandes slay through their ambition,  
They are braue champions, and stout warriors cald,  
- Tis like that he that steales a rotten sheepe  
That in a dich would else haue cast his hide,  
He for his labour hath the haltars hier  
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,  
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.  
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,  
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath slayne.

A C T V S . 2 .

S C E N A . 2 .

*Act II*

*Enter Cornelza.*

*sc. II*

*Corne.* O traterous villaines, hold your murthering hands,  
Or

## The Tragedy

Or if that needs they must be washt in blood,  
770 Imbrue them heere, heere in *Cornelias* brest.  
Ay mee as I stood looking from the Ship  
(Accursed shippe that did not finke and drowne:  
And so haue sau'd me from so loath'd a fight)  
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,  
My *Pompey* deere (nor *Pompey* now nor Lord)  
I fawe those villaines that but now were heere:  
Bucher my loue and then with violence,  
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;  
What dost thou stand to play the Oratrix,  
780 And tell a tale of thy deere husbands death?  
Doth *Pompey*, doth thy loue moue thee no more?  
Go cursed *Cornelia* rent thy wretched haire,  
Drowne blobred cheekes in seas of faltest teares.  
And if, it be true that sorrowes feeling powre,  
Could turne poore *Niobe* into a weeping stone  
O let mee weepe a like, and like stone be,  
And you poore lights, that fawe this tragick fight,  
Be blind and punnish'd with eternall night  
Vnhappy long to speake, bee neare so bould  
790 Since that thou this so heauy tale haft tould.  
These are but womanish exclamations  
Light sorrowe makes such lamentations,  
*Pompey* no words my true grieve can declare,  
This for thy loue shalbe my best welfare. *Stab her selfe.*

Act II  
sc. iii

A C T . 2 .

S C E . 3 .

Enter *Cæsar*, *Cleopatra*, *Anthony*,  
*Dolobella*, a *Lord*,

*Cæsar*. There sterne *Achillas* and *Fortunius* lie,  
Traytorous *Sempronius* and proud *Ptolomey*,  
800 Go plead your cause fore the angry *Rhadamant*,  
And tel him why you basely *Pompey* slew  
And let your guilty blood appease his Ghost,  
That now fits wandring by the Stygian bankes,

*Vnworthy*

of *Julius Cæsar*.

Vnworthy sacrifice to quite his worth,  
For *Pompey* though thou wert mine enemy,  
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this strife;  
Yet now in death when strife and enuy ceafe.  
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,  
Moue me to rue thy vndeserued death,  
That found a greater daunger then it fled;  
Vnhapy man to scape so many wars,  
And to protract thy glorious day so long,  
Here for to perish in a barbarous foyle,  
And end liues date stabd by a Bastards hand,  
But yet with honour shalt thou be Intomb'd,  
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,  
And put thy ashes in an Vrne of gold,  
And build with marble a deserued graue  
Whose worth indeede a Temple ought to haue.

810

*Dolo.* See how compassion drawes foorth Princely teares 820  
And Vertue weepes her enemies funerall,  
So sorrowed the mighty *Alexander*,  
When *Bessus* hand cauf'd *Darius* to die

*Ant.* These greeued sorrowing Princes do with me,  
Ioyntly agree in Contrariety,  
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,  
Our gate is discontented, heauy our lookes,  
Our sorrowes all a like, but dislike cause  
Their foe is their grifes causer which my friend,  
It is the losse of one that makes them wayle, • 830  
But I, that one there is a cruell one,  
Do wayle and greeue and vnregarded mone.  
Fayre beames cast forth from these dismayfull eyes,  
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and sorrowes giues,

*Cleo.* Forget sweete Prince these sad perplexed thoughts,  
Withdraw thy mind in clowdy discontent,  
And with *Ægyptian* pleasures feed thine eyes,  
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,  
And Monuments that speake the workemens prayse?  
Ile bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe, 840  
Where he, whome all the world could not suffice,

D

In

## *The Tragedy*

In bare six foote of Earth, intombed lies,  
And shew thee all the cost and curious art,  
Which either *Cleops* or our *Memphis* boast:  
Would you command a banquit in the Court,  
Ile bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,  
Fayrer then that wherein great *Loue* doth sit,  
And heaues vp boles of *Nectar* to his Queene,  
A stately Pallace, whose fayre doble gates:

850 Are wrought with garnish'd Carued Iuory,  
And stately pillars of pure bullion fram'd.  
With Orient Pearles and Indian stones imboſt,  
With golden Roofes that glifter like the Sunne,  
Shalbe prepar'd to entertaine my Loue:  
Or wilt thou see our *Academick* Schooles,  
Or heare our Priests to reaſon of the starres,  
Hence *Plato* fecht his deepe Philosophy:  
And heere in Heauenly knowledg they excell.

*Antho.* More then most faire, another Heauen to me,  
860 The starres where on Ile gaze shalbe thy face,  
Thy morall deedes my sweete Philosophy,  
*Venus* the muse whose ayde I must implore:  
O let me profit in this ſtudy beſt,  
For Beauties ſcholler I am now prefest.

*Lord.* See how this faire *Egyptian* Sorceres,  
Enchantes theſe Noble warriars man-like mindes,  
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

*Cæſ.* Most glorious Queene, whose cheerefull ſmiling  
Expell theſe cloudes that ouer caſt my minde. (words)   
870 *Cæſar* will ioy in *Cleopatras* ioy,  
And thinke his fame no whit diſparaged,  
To change his armes, and deadly ſounding droms,  
For loues sweete Laies, and Lydian harmony,  
And now hang vp theſe Idle iſtrumentſ.  
My warlike ſpear and vncontrooled crest:  
My mortall wounding ſword and ſiluer shield,  
And vnder thy sweete banners beare the brunt,  
Of peacefull warres and amarous Alarimes:  
Why *Mars* himſelfe his bloody rage alayd,

Dallying in *Venus* bed hath often playd,  
And great *Alcides*, when he did returne:  
From *Iunos* taskes, and *Nemean* victories,  
From monsters fell, and *Nemean* toyles:  
Reposed himselfe in *Deianiras* armes.

Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame,  
Heere the *non ultra* of my labors write,  
And with these Cheekes of Roses, lockes of Gold,  
End my liues date, and trauayles manifould.

*Dolo.* How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,  
From the pursuit of honours due reward,  
Be fides *Caribdis*, and fell *Scyllas* spight:  
More dangerous *Circe* and *Calipsoes* cup,  
Then pleasant gardens of *Alcionus*:  
And thouſand lets voluptuousnesse doth offer.

*Cæſ.* I will regard no more these murtherous spoyles,  
And bloudy triumphs that I lik'd of late:  
But in loues pleasures ſpend my wanton dayes,  
Ile make thee garlondes of ſweete ſmelling flowers,  
And with faire roſall Chaplets crowne thy head,  
The purple *Hyacinth* of *Phæbus* Land: 900  
Fresh *Amarinthus* that doth neuer die,  
And faire *Narciſſus* deere reſpondent ſhoars,  
And Violets of Daffadilles ſo ſweete,  
Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,  
Whilſt I will ſtill gaze on thy beautious eyes,  
And with Ambroſean kiffes bath thy Cheekes.

*Cleo.* Come now faire Prince, and eaſt thee in our Courts  
Where liberall *Cæres*, and *Liæus* fat,  
Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull ſtore,  
The ſparkling liquor ſhall ore-flow his bankes: 910  
And *Meroé* learne to bring forth pleaſant wine,  
Fruitfull *Arabia*, and the furtheſt Ind,  
Shall ſpend their treaſurieſ of *Spicerie*  
VVith *Nardus* Coranets weeſe guird our heads:  
And al the while melodious warbling notes,  
Paffing the ſeauen-fould harmony of Heauen:  
Shall feeme to rauish our enchanted thoughts,

*The Tragedy*

Thus is the feare of vnkinde *Ptolomey*,  
Changed by thee to feast in Iolity:

920 *Antho.* O how mine ~~tares~~ suck vp her heauenly words,  
The whil'st mine eyes do prey vpon her face:

*Cæf.* Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,  
This day weelee spend in mirth and banqueting.

*Antho.* Had I Queene, *Iunoes* heard-mans hundred eies,  
To gaze vpon these two bright Sunnes of hirs:  
Yet would they all be blinded instantly.

*Cæf.* VVhat hath some Melancholy discontent,  
Ore-come thy minde with trobled passions.

930 *Ant.* Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,  
Her beauties pleasing colours would restore,  
Decayed sight with fresh variety.

*Lord.* Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,  
*Cæsar* invites thee to the royall feast,  
That faire Queene *Cleopatra* hath prepard.

*Antho.* Pardon me worthy *Cæsar* and you Lords,  
In not attending your most gratious speech  
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,  
Som-what distempered my busy head.

940 *Cæf.* Let no such thoughts distemper now thy minde,  
This day to *Bacchus* will wee consecrate,  
And in deepe goblets of the purest wine,  
Drinke healths vnto our feuerall friends at home.

*Antho.* If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,  
Twas that I neuer ment for to come there,  
But spend my life in this sweete paradise.

*Exeunt.*

A C T. 2.

S C E. 4.

*Enter Cicero, Brutus, Casca, Camber, Trebonius.*

950 *Cice.* Most prudent heads, that with your councels wise,  
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* sustaine,  
You fee how ciuill broyles haue torne our state:  
And priuate strife hath wrought a publique wo,  
*Theffalia* boasts that she hath seene our fall,

And

of *Julius Cæsar*.

And *Rome* that whilom wont to Tiranize,  
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,  
Loosing her rule, to serue is now constrainyd,  
*Pompey* the hope and stay of Common-weale,  
VVhose vertues promis'd *Rome* security  
Now flies distreſt, disconsolate, forlorne,  
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors scorne.

*Cæſ.* VVhat now is left for wretched *Rome* to hope, 960  
But in lamentes and bitter future woe,  
To wey the downefall of her former pride:  
Againe *Porsenna* brings in *Tarquins* names,  
And *Rome* againe doth smoke with furious flames.  
In *Pompeys* fall wee all are ouerthrowne,  
And subiect made to conqueror Tirany.

*Bru.* Most Noble *Cicero* and you *Romaine* Peeres,  
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,  
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.  
VVith that same looke, that great *Atrides* stood, 970  
At cruell alter staind with Daughters blood,  
VVhen *Pompey* fled pursuing *Cæsars* fword,  
And thought to shun his following desteny.  
And then began to thinke on many a friend,  
And many a one recalled hee to minde:  
Who in his Fortunes pride did leaue their liues,  
And vowed seruice at his princely feete,  
From out the rest, the yong *Egyptian* King,  
VVhose Father of an Exild banish'd man

Hee seated had in throne of Maiesty, 980  
Him chose, to whome he did commit his life,  
(But O, who doth remember good-turnes past)  
The Rising Sunne, not Setting, doth men please,  
To ill committed was so great a trust,  
Vnto so base a Fortune fauoring minde.  
For he the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,  
By Treason cauſ'd great *Pompey* to be slaine:

*Casca.* O damned deede.

*Cam.* O Trayterous *Ptolomey*.

*Tre.* O moſt vnworthy and vngratefull fact.

990

## The Tragedy

*Cum.* What plagues may serue to expiate this act,  
The rouling stone or euerturing wheele,  
The quenchles flames of firy *Phlegeton*,  
Or endles thirst of which the Poets talke,  
Are all to gentle for so vilde a deede.

*Cas.* Well did the *Cibills* vnrespected verse.  
Bid thee beware of *Crocadilish Nile*,

*Ter.* And art thou in a barbarous soyle betrayd,  
Defrawded *Pompey* of thy funerall rites,  
1000 There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearse,  
None could thy Consulshipes and triumphs tell,  
And in thy death set fourth thy liuing praise,  
None would erect to thee a sepulcher.

Or put thine ashes in a pretious vrne,

*Cice.* Peace Lords lament not noble *Pompeys* death,  
Nor thinke him wretched, cause he wants a Tombe,  
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue:  
Thinke you a heape of stones could him inclose,  
Whoe in the *Oceans* circuite buried is,

1010 And euery place where *Roman* names are heard,  
The world is his graue, where liuing fame doth blaze,  
His funerall praife through his immortall trump,  
And ore his tombe vertue and honor fits,  
With rented heare and eyes bespent with teares,  
And waile and weepe their deere sonne *Pompeys* death,

*Bru.* But now my Lords for to augment this griefe,  
*Cæfar* the *Senates* deadly enimie,  
Aimes eke to vs, and meanes to tryumph heere,  
Vpon poore conquered *Rome* and common wealth,

1020 *Cas.* This was the end at which he alwayes aynd,

*Tre.* Then end all hope of *Romaines* liberty,  
Rise noble *Romaine*, rise from rotten Tombes,  
And with your fwordes recouer that againe:  
With your braue prowes won, our basenes lost,

*Gic.* Renowned Lords content your trobled minds.  
Do not ad Fuell to the conquerors fier.  
Which once inflamed will borne both *Rome* and vs.  
*Cæsar* although of high aspiring thoughtes,

And

And vncontrould ambitious Maiesty,  
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,  
You see hee commeth conqueror of the East :  
Clad in the spoyles of the *Pharsalican* fieldes,  
Then wee vnable to resist such powre :  
By gentle peace and meeke submision,  
Must seeke to pacify the victors wrath.

1030

*Exeunt.*

A C T . 2 .

S C E . 5 .

*Act II*  
sc. v

*Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Iunior.*

*Cat. Sen.* My Sonne thou seest howe all are ouerthrowne,  
That fought their Countries free-dome to maintaine,  
*Egypt* forfakes vs, *Pompey* found his graue,  
VVhere hee most succor did expect to haue :  
*Scipio* is ouerthrowne and with his haples fall,  
*Affrick* to vs doth former ayde denay,  
O who will helpe men in aduerstity :  
Yet let vs shewe in our declining state,  
That strength of minde, that vertues constancy,  
That erst we did in our felicity,  
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not fayle our selues,  
Remember boy thou art a *Romaine* borne,  
And *Catoes* Sonne, of me do vertue learne ;  
Fortune of others, aboue althings see  
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,  
All blesſings Fathers to their Sonnes can wish  
Heauens powre on thee, and now my sonne with-drawe  
Thy selfe a while and leauue me to my booke.

1040

1050

*Cat. Iun.* What meanes my Father by this solemne leauue ?  
First he remembred me of my Fortunes change,  
And then more earnestly did me exhort  
To Counrries loue, and constancy of minde,  
Then he was wont : som-whats the cause,  
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare,  
His to couragious heart that cannot beare  
The thrall of *Rome* and triumph of his foe,

1060

By

*The Tragedy*

By his owne hand threats danger to his life,  
How ere it be at hand I will abide,  
VVayting the end of this that shal betide. *Exit.*

*Cato Senior with a booke in his hand.*

*Cato Sen.* *Plato* that promised immortality,  
Doth make my soule resolute it selfe to mount,  
1070 Vnto the bowre of thosē Celestiall ioyes,  
VVhere freed from lothed Prison of my soule,  
In heauenly notes to *Phæbus* which shall sing:  
And *Pean Io, Pean* louely ring.

Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,  
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,  
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolute,  
But with a courage and thy liues last act,  
Now do I giue thee *Rome* my last farewell.  
Who cause thou fearest ill do therefore die,

1080 O talke not now of *Cannas* ouerthowre,  
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,  
Those bloody songes of *Hilias* dismall fight:  
And note with black, that black and cursed day,  
When *Cæsar* conquered in *Pharsalia*,  
Yet will not I his conquest glorifie:  
My ouerthrow shall neere his triumph grace,  
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,  
No hand could conquer *Cato* but his owne. *stabs himself.*

*Enter Cato Iunior running to him.*

1090 *Ca. Iun.* O this it was my minde told me before,  
VVhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,  
Dost thou assault, that faithfull princely hand:  
And mak'st the base Earth to drinke thy Noble bloud,  
Bee not more sterne, and cruell 'gainst thy selfe,  
Then thy most hateful enemies would be,  
No *Parthian, Gaule, Moore*, no not *Cæsars* selfe,  
VVould with such cruelty thy worth repay,  
O stay thy hand, giue me thy fatall blade:  
VVwhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,  
1100 A brest so fraught with vertue excellent.

*Ca. Seni.* VVhy dost thou let me of my firme resolute,

*Vnkinde*

of *Julius Cæsar*.

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,  
Why dost thou slay me, or wilt thou betray  
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-meis hands,  
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,  
In thy soules kindenesse, tis thou art vnkinde.

*Cat. Iun.* If for your selfe you do this life reiect,  
Yet you your Sonnes and Countries: fake respect,  
Rob not my yong yeares of so sweete a stay,  
Nor take from *Rome* the Pillor of her strength. 1110

*Cat. Sene.* Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,  
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:  
But for my Country, could my life it profit,  
Ile not refuse to liue that died for it,  
Now doth but one smal snuffe of breath remaine:  
And that to keepe, should I mine Honor staine?

*Cat. Iuni.* Where you do striaue to shew your vertue most,  
There more you do disgrace it Cowards vse,  
To shun the woes and trobles of this life:  
Basely to flie to deaths safe sanctuary, 1120  
When constant vertues doth the hottest brunt's,  
Of grieves assualtes vnto the end endure.

*Ca. Seni.* Thy words preuaile, come lift me vp my Son,  
And call some help to binde my bleeding wounds.

*Cat. Iuni.* Father I go with a more willing minde,  
Then did *Aeneas* when from *Troyan* fire,  
He bare his Father, and did so restore:  
The greatest gift hee had receiued before. Exit.

*Cat. Seni.* Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,  
Which interrupted my resolued will, 1130  
Which all the world can neuer stey nor change:  
*Cæsar* whose rule commands both Sea and Land,  
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,  
And time succeding shall behold that I  
Although not liue, yet died courragiouly, *stab himselfe*.

*Enter Cato Iunior.*

*Ca. Iuni.* O hast thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me  
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:  
Because it would not beare the Conquerors insolence,

## *The Tragedy*

1140 Yfed on it selfe this cruell violence,  
I know not whether I should more lament,  
That by thine owne hand thou thus slaughtred art,  
Or Ioy that thou so nobly didst depart.

*Exit.*

*FINIS. ACT VS. 2.*

*Chor. III*

*Enter Discord.*

*Dif.* Now *Cæsar* rides triumphantly through *Rome*,  
And deckes the Capitoll with *Pompey's* spoyle:  
Ambition now doth vertues seat usurp,  
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adastria* Queene.

1150 Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumm,  
And call the snaky furies from below,  
To dash the Ioy of their triumphing pride,  
*Erinnis* kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,  
In discontented *Brutus* boyling breft,  
Let *Cæsar* die a bleeding sacrifice,  
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.  
Why sleepest thou *Cassius*? wakethee from thy dreame:  
And yet thou naught dost dreame but blood and death.  
For dreadfull visions do afright thy sleepe.

1160 And howling Ghosts with gastaly horrors cry,  
By *Cassius* hand must wicked *Cæsar* die,  
Now *Rome* cast of thy gaudy paintcd robes  
And cloth thy selfe in sable colored weedes,  
Changethey vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,  
And *Cæsar* cast thy Laurell crowne apart,  
And bind thy temples with sad *Cypres* tree.  
Of warrs thus peace infues, of peace more harmes,  
Then erst was wrought by tragick warrs alarmes,

*Exit.*

*Act. III*  
*sc. i*

*ACT. 3. SCE. 1.*

*Enter Cassius.*

1171 *Cas.* Harke how *Cæsarians* with resounding shoutes,  
Tell heauens of their pomps and victories,

*Cæsar*

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

*Cæsar* that long in pleasures idle lap,  
And daliance vayne of his Proud Curtezan,  
Had luld his sterne and bloody thoughts a sleepe,  
Now in *Rome* streets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,  
And to the *Romains* shews those *Fropheyes* sad,  
Which from the *Romaines* he with blood did get :  
The Tyrant mounted in his goulden chayre,  
Rides drawne with milke white palferies in like pride,      1180  
As *Phæbus* from his Orientall gate,  
Mounted vpon the firy *Pblegetons* backes.  
Comes prauancing forth, shaking his dewie locks :  
*Cæsar* thou art in gloryes cheefest pride,  
Thy sonne is mounted in the highest poynt :  
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheele,  
Her wheele must turne, thy glory must eclipse,  
Thy Sunne descend and loose his radiant light,  
And if none be, whose countryes ardent loue,  
And losse of *Roman* liberty can moue,      1190  
Ile be the man that shall this taske performe.  
*Cassius* hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* soule,  
*Cassius* hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,  
*Cassius* hath vowed it, witnes Heauen and Earth,      *Exit.*

ACTVS 3.

SCENA 2.

*Act III  
sc. ii*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolobella, Lords, two Romaines, & others*

*Cæsar.* Now haue I shaked of these womanish linkes,  
In which my captiud thoughts were chayned a fore,  
By that fayre charming *Circes* wounding look,  
And now like that fame ten yeares trauayler,      1200  
Leauing be-hind me all my trobles past.  
I come awayted with attending fame,  
Who through her shrill triump doth my name resound,  
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lygurian Poe*,  
(Yet a sad witner of the Sunne-Gods losse,)  
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,  
Which to the worlds end shall it bound it againe,

## The Tragedy

As from *Phægian* fields the King of Gods,  
With conquering spoyles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,  
1210 When great *Typhæus* fell by thundering darts,  
And rod away with their Cælestiall troops,  
In greatest pride through Heauen smooth paued way,  
So shall the Pompeous glory of my traine,  
Daring to match ould *Saturns* kingly Sonne,  
Call downe these goulden lampes from the bright skie,  
And leaue Heauen blind, my greatnes to admire.  
This laurell garland in fayre conquest made,  
Shall stayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,  
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,  
1220 *Cassiopea* leaue thy starry chayre,  
And on my Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,  
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cæsar* beare.  
To Earths astonishment, and amaze of Heauen :  
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy feuen-fould seate,  
And see the world thy subiect, at thy feete,  
And *Cæsar* ruling ouer all the world.

*Dolo.* Now let vs cease to boast of *Romulus*,  
First author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.  
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,  
1230 The scourge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,  
Nor of vnconquered *Paulus* dauntles minde,  
Since *Cæsars* glory them exceeds as farre  
As shining *Phebe* doth the dimmest starre.

*Ant.* Like as the Ship-man that hath lost the starre.  
By which his doubtfull ship he did direct,  
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,  
So hauing lost my starr, my Gouernesse.  
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,  
In greefe I wander and in sad dismay :  
1240 And though of triumphes and of victoryes,  
I do the out-ward signes and *Trophies* beare,  
Yet see mine inward mind vnder that face,  
Whose collours to these Triumphes is disgrace,  
*Lord.* As when from vanquished *Macedonia*,  
Triumphing ore King *Persius* ouerthrow,

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Conquering *Æmelius*, in great glory came.  
Shewing the worlds spoyles which he had bereft,  
From the successors of great *Alexander*,  
With such high pomp, yea greater victories,  
*Cæsar* triumphing coms into fayre *Rome*,

1250

1. *Rom.* In this one Champion all is comprehended,  
Which ancient times in feuall men commended,  
*Alcides* strength, *Achilles* dauntles heart,  
Great *Phillips* Sonne by magnanimity.

Sterne *Pyrhus* vallour, and great *Hectors* might,  
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,  
Brought forth in that same ten years *Troians* warre.

2. *Rom.* Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.

Thou mighty feate of consuls and of Kings:

1260

Ouer-victorius now Earths Conquerer,  
Welcome thy valiant sonne that to thee brings,  
Spoyles of the world, and exquies of Kings.

*Cæsar.* The conquering Issue of immortall *Ioue*.

Which in the *Persian* spoyles first fetch his fame.

Then through *Hydaspis*, and the *Caspian* waues,  
Vnto the sea vnknowne his praise did propagate,  
Must to my glory vayle his conquering crest:

The *Lybick* Sands, and *Africk Sirts* hee past.

*Bactrians* and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,  
Wherby his armes resiftles, powers subdued,  
And *Ganges* streames congeald with *Indian* blood,  
Could not transeport his burthen to the sea.

1270

But these nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,  
Nor tost these bloody bals, of dread and death:

*Arar* and proud *Saramna* speaks my praise,  
*Robdans* shrill *Tritons* through their brasen trumpes,  
Ecco my fame against the *Gallian* Towers,  
And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*.

Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad,  
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* stout,  
Which well haue learned to tosse a tusked speare,  
And well can curbe a noble stomackt horse,  
Can *Cæsars* vallour witnes to their greefe

1280

*Iuba*

## *The Tragedy*

*Nuba* the mighty *Affrick* Potentate,  
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,  
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horse,  
Hath felt the puissance of a *Roman* sword.

I entred *Asia* with my banners spred,  
Displayed the *Ægle* on the Euxin sea:

1290 By *Iason* first, and ventrous *Argo* cut,  
And in the rough *Cimerian Bosphorus*:  
A heauy witnesse of *Pharnaces* flight,  
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,  
VVith greater glory then ere *Romaine* did.

*Exeunt.*

*Sound drums and Trumpets amaine.*

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* Alas these triumphes mooue not me at all,  
But only do renew remembrance sad,  
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,

1300 VVhich is the Saint and Idol of my thoughtes:  
First was I wounded by her percing eye:  
Next prisoner tane by her captiuing speech,  
And now shee triumphes ore my conquered heart,  
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,  
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:  
*Cæsars* lip-loue, that neuer touch'd his heart,  
By present triumph and the absent fire,  
Is now waxt could; but mine that was more deepe,  
Ingrauen in the marble of my brest,  
1310 Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

*Enter Anthionies bonus genius.*

*Gen. Anthony*, base femall *Anthony*,  
Thou womans souldiar, fit for nights assaults,  
Hast thou so soone forgot the discipline,  
And wilsome taskes thy youth was trayned to,  
Thy soft downe Pillow, was a helme of steele:  
The could damp earth, a bed to eafe thy toyle,  
Afrigted flumbers were thy golden sleepes:  
Hunger and thirst thy sweetest delicates,

1320 Sterne horror, gastly woundes, pale greefly death:  
Thy winde depresfling pleasures and delights,

*And*

*of Julius Cæsar.*

And now so soone hath on enchanted face,  
These manly labours luld in drowsy sleepe :  
The Gods (whose messenger I heere do stand)  
Will not then drowne thy fame in Idlenesse :  
Yet must *Philippi* see thy high employtes,  
And all the world ring of thy Victories.

*Antho.* Say what thou art, that in this dreadful fort  
Forbidd' st me of my *Cleopatras* loue.

*Gen.* I am thy *bonus Genius, Anthony*, 1330  
VVhich to thy dul eares this do prophecy :  
That fatal face which now doth so bewitch thee,  
Like to that vaine vnconstant Greekish dame,  
VVhich made the stately *Ilian* towres to smoke,  
Shall thousand bleeding *Romains* lay one ground :  
*Hymen* in sable not in saferon robes,  
Insteade of roundes shall dolefull dirges singe.  
For nuptiall tapers, shall the furies beare,  
Blew-burning torches to increase your feare :  
The bride-grooms scull shal make the bridal bondes : 1340  
And hel-borne hags shall dance an Antick round,  
VVhile *Hecate Hymen* (heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,  
And now methinkes I see the feas blew face :  
Hidden with shippes, and now the trumpets found,  
And weake *Canopus* with the *Ægle* striues,  
*Neptune* amazed at this dreadfull fight :  
Cals blew sea Gods for to behold the fight,  
*Glaucus* and *Panopea*, *Proteus* ould,  
VVho now for feare changeth his wonted shape,  
Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne : 1350  
In Idle sport shall end with bloud and shame. *Exit.*

*Antho.* VVhat wast my *Genius* that mee threatned thus ?  
They say that from our birth he doth preferue :  
And on mee will he powre these miseries ?  
VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,  
VVhat shames did he to my loues prophesie ?  
O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,  
From his great Father *Ioue*, t' *Anchoris* sonne  
To warne him leaue the wanton dalliance,

And

# The Tragedy

1360 And charming pleasures of the *Tyrian Court*,  
Then wake the *Anthony* from this idle dreame,  
Cast of these base effeminate passions:  
Which melt the courrage of thy manlike minde,  
And with thy fword receiue thy sleeping praise. *Exit.*

*Act III*  
*sc. iv*

A C T. 3.0 S C. 3.

*Enter Brutus.*

*Bru.* How long in base ignoble patience,  
Shall I behold my Countries wofull fall,  
O you braue *Romains*, and among'ft the rest  
1370 Most Noble *Brutus*, faire befall your soules:  
Let Peace and Fame your Honored graues awaite,  
Who through such perils, and such tedious warres,  
Won your great labors prise sweete liberty,  
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,  
And did no sooner Men, then free-men, breath:  
To loose it now continuing so long,  
And with such lawes, such vowes, such othes confirm'd  
Can nothing but disgrace and shame expect:  
But soft what see I written on my feate,  
1380 *O vitinam Brute viueres.*  
What meaneth this, thy courage dead,  
But stay, reade forward, *Brute mortuus es.*  
I thou art dead indeed, thy courage dead  
Thy care and loue thy dearest Country dead,  
Thy wonted spirit and Noble stomack dead.

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cassi.* The times drawe neere by gratiouse heauens  
When *Philips* Sonne must fall in *Babilon*, (affignd)  
In his triumphing proud persumption:  
1390 But see where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,  
Whose minde is hammering on no meane conceit:  
Then found him *Cassius*, see how hee is inclined,  
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering state.  
*Bru.* Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

His

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

His Countries wrackes and cannot succor bring.

*Cassi.* But wil *Brute* alwaies in this dreame remaine,  
And not bee mooued with his Countries mone.

*Bru.* O that I might in *Lethe* endles sleepe,  
And neere awaking pleasant rest of death  
Close vp mine eyes, that I no more might see,  
Poore *Romes* distresse and Countries misery.

*Casi.* No *Brutus* liue, and wake thy sleepy minde,  
Stirre vp those dying sparkes of honors fire,  
VVhich in thy gentle breast weare wont to flame:  
See how poore *Rome* opprest with Countries wronges,  
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,  
Thy kinf-mans soule from heauen commandes thine aide:  
That lastly must by thee receiue his end,  
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,  
Or liue renown'd by ending *Cesars* life.

*Bru.* I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,  
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,  
And not bee mooued with her pitious mone,  
*Brutus* thy soule shall neuer more complaine:  
That from thy linage and most vertuous stock,  
A bastard weake degenerat branch is borne,  
For to distaine the honor of thy house.  
No more shall now the *Romains* call me dead,  
Ile liue againe and rowze my sleepy thoughts:  
And with the Tirants death begin this life.

*Rome* now I come to reare thy stales decayed,  
VVhen or this hand shall cure thy fatall wound,  
Or else this heart by bleeding on the ground.

*Casf.* Now heauen I see applaудes this enterprise,  
And *Rhadamanth* into the fatall Vrne,  
That lotheth death, hath thrust the Tirants name,  
*Cæsar* the life that thou in bloud hast led:  
Shall heape a bloudy vengance on thine head. *Exeunt.*

*The Tragedy*

*Act III* A  
*sc. v*

A C T . 2 .      S C E . 4 .

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony Dolobella, Lords, and others.*

143<sup>1</sup> *Cæs.* Now servile *Pharthia* proud in *Romaine* spoile,  
Shall pay her ransome vnto *Cæsars* Ghost:  
Which vnreuenged roues by the Stygian strand,  
Exclaiming on our sluggish negligence.  
Leauue to lament braue *Romans*, loe I come,  
Like to the God of battell, mad with rage,  
To die their riuers with vermillion red:  
Ile fill *Armenians* playnes and *Medians* hils,  
With carkases of bastard *Scithian* broode,  
144<sup>0</sup> And there proud Princes will I bring to *Rome*,  
Chained in fetters to my charriot wheeles:  
Desire of fame and hope of sweete reueng,  
Which in my breſt hath kindled ſuch a flame,  
As nor *Euphrates*, nor ſweet *Tybers* ſtreame,  
Can quench or slack this feruent boyling heate:  
These conqueſting ſouldiers that haue followed me,  
From vanquifht *France* to fun-burnt *Meroe*,  
Matching the beſt of *Alexanders* troopes.  
145<sup>0</sup> Shall with their lookeſ put *Parthian* foes to flight,  
And make them twiſe turne their deceitfull lookeſ,

*Ant.* The reſtleſſe mind that harbors ſorrowing thoughts,  
And is with child of noble enterpriſe,  
Deth neuer ceaſe from honors toileſome taske,  
Till it brings forth Eternall gloryes broode.  
So you fayre braunch of vertues great diſcent,  
Now hauing finiſh'd Ciuill warres ſad broyles,  
Intend by *Parthian* triumphes to enlarge,  
Your contryes limits, and your owne renowne,  
But cauſe in *Sibilles* ciuill wris we finde,  
146<sup>0</sup> None but a King that conqueſt can atchiue,  
Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,  
And as auſpicious ſignes of victorye.  
Wee here preſent you with this *Diadem*,

*Lord.* And euen as kings were baniſh'd *Romes* high thronē  
Cause

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Cause their base vice, her honour did destayne,  
So to your rule doth shee submit her selfe,  
That her renowne there by might brighter shine,

*Cæsar*. Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions spur.

That pricketh *Cæsar* to these high attempts,  
Or hope of Crownes, or thought of *Diadems*,  
That made me wade through horours perilous deepe,  
Vertue vnto it selfe a shure reward,

1470

My labours all shall haue a pleasing doome,  
If you but Judge I will deserue of *Rome*:  
Did those old *Romaines* suffer so much ill?  
Such tedious feeges, such enduring warrs?

*Tarquinius* hates, and great *Porfennas* threats,  
To banish proude imperious tyrants rule?

And shall my euerdaring thoughts contend  
To marre what they haue brought to happy end:  
Or thinke you cause my Fortune hath expeld,  
My friends, come let vs march in iolity,  
Ile triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,  
Or end my conquests with my countryes spoyles,

1480

*Dolo*. O noble Princely resolution.

These or not victoryes that we so call,  
That onely blood and murtherous spoyles can vaunt:  
But this shalbe thy victory braue Prince,  
That thou haft conquered thy owne climing thoughts,  
And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,  
And this no leſſe inblazon shall thy fame.  
Then those great deeds and chualrous attempts,  
That made thee conqueror in *Theffalia*.

1490

*Ant.* This noble mind and Pincely modesty,  
Which in contempt of honours brightnes shines,  
Makes vs to wish the more for such a Prince,  
Whose vertue not ambition won that praise,  
Nor shall we thinke it losſe of liberty.

Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,  
For to subiect vs to his Princely rule,  
Whose thoughts fayre vertue and true honor guides:  
Vouchsafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

1500

## The Tragedy

A gift not equall to thy dignity.

*Cæs.* Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,  
An odious name vnto the *Romaine* eare,  
*Cæsar* I am, and wilbe *Cæsar* still,  
No other title shall my Fortunes grace:  
Which I will make a name of higher state  
Then Monarch, King of worldes great Potentate.  
1510 Of *Ioue* in Heauen, shall ruled bee the skie,  
The Earth of *Cæsar*, with like Maiesity.  
This is the Scepter that my crowne shall beare,  
And this the golden diadem Ile weare,  
A farre more rich and royall ornament,  
Then all the Crownes that the proud *Persian* gaue:  
Forward my Lordes let Trumpets sound our march,  
And drums strike vp Reuenges sad alarms,  
*Parthia* we come with like incensed heate,  
As great *Atrides* with the angry *Greekes*,  
1520 Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

*Act III*  
*sc. vi*

A C T. 3.

S C. 5.

Enter *Cassius*, *Brutus*, *Trebonius*, *Cumber Cæsca*.

*Tre.* Braue Lords whose forward resolution,  
Shewes you descended from true *Romaine* line,  
See how old *Rome* in winter of her age,  
Reioyseth in such Princely budding hopes,  
No lesse then once she in *Decius* vertue did,  
Or great *Camillus* bringing back of spoyles.  
On then braue Lords of this attempt begun,  
1530 The sacred Senate doth commend the deede:  
Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,  
Vertue her selfe makes warrant of the deed,  
Then Noble *Romains* as you haue begun:  
Neuer desist vntill this deede be done.

*Cæsi.* To thee Reueng doth *Cassius* kneele him downe.  
Thou that brings quiet to perplexed soules,  
And borne in Hel, yet harborest heauens ioyes,

Whose

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Whose fauor slaughter is, and dandling death,  
Bloud-thirsty pleasures and mis boding blisse:  
Brought forth of Fury, nurse of cankered Hate,  
To drowne in woe the pleasures of the world.

1540

Thou shalt no more in dusky *Erebus*:  
And dark-some hell obscure thy Deity,  
Insteede of *Ioue* thou shalt my Godeffe bee,  
To thee faire Temples *Cæsarius* will erect:  
And on thine alter built of *Parian* stone  
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.  
Laugh gentle Godeffe on my bould attempt,  
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:  
Bee wrapt in wrinkels of thy murthering spoyles.

1550

*Bru.* An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,  
An other *Brutus* liues to act the deede:  
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,  
All *Rome* is stayn'd with his vnrule desieres,  
Shee whose imperiall scepter was invr'd:  
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,  
Cannot abate the glory of her state,  
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud desieres:  
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowes to thee,  
To loose his life or else to set thee free.

1560

*Cas.* Shame bee his share that doth his life so prize,  
That to *Romes* weale it would not sacrificize,  
My Poniardes point shall pearce his heart as deepe,  
As earst his sworde *Romes* bleeding fide did goare:  
And change his garments to the purple die,  
With which our bloud had staynd sad *Theffaly*.

*Cam.* Hee doth refuse the title of a King,  
But wee do see hee doth vsurp the thing.

*Tre.* Our ancient freedome hee impeacheth more,  
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.

1570

*Cas.* The Senators by him are quite disgrac'd,  
*Rome*, *Romans*, City, Freedome, all defac'd.

*Cass.* We come not Lords, as vnresolued men,  
For to shewe causes of the deed decreed,  
This shall dispute for mee and tell him why,

This

*The Tragedy*

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:  
If it be true that furies quench-les thirst,  
Is pleas'd with quaffing of ambitious bloud,  
Then all you devills whet my Poniards point,  
1580 And I wil broach you a bloud-fucking heart:  
Which full of bloud, must bloud store to you yeeld,  
Were it a peerce to flint-or marble stome:  
Why so it is for *Cæsars* heart's a stome,  
Els would bee mooued with my Countries mone.  
They say you furies instigate mens mindes,  
And push their armes to finnish bloudy deedes:  
Prick then mine Elbo: goade my bloudy hand,  
That it may goare *Cæsars* ambitious heart.

*Exeunt.*

*Act III*  
*sc. viii*

A C T V S 3.

S C E N A 6.

*Enter Cæsar, Calphurnia.*

1591 *Cæs.* Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?  
Shall bug-beares feare *Cæsars* vndaunted heart,  
Whome *Pompeys* Fortune neuer could amaze,  
Nor the *French* horse, nor *Mauritanian* boe,  
And now shall vaine illusions mee affright:

Or shadowes daunt, whom substance could not quell?

*Calphur.* O dearest *Cæsar*, hast thou seene thy selfe,  
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee seene:)

Torne, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-slaughtered, Slaine,  
1600 O thou thy selfe, wouldst then haue dread thy selfe:  
And feard to thrust thy life to dangers mouth.

*Cæs.* There you bewray the folly of your dreame,  
For I am well, alive, vncaught, vntoucht.

*Calphur.* T'was in the Senate-house I sawe thee so,  
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.

*Cæs.* The Senate is a place of peace, not death,  
But these were but deluding visions.

*Calphur.* O do not set so little by the heauens,  
Dreames ar diuine, men say they come from *Toue*,  
1610 Beware betimes, and bee not wise to late:

Mens

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate.

*Cæs.* Weepe not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares  
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldest not haue to hap  
It will distaine mine honor wonne in fight  
To say a womans dreame could me affright.

*Cal.* O *Cæsar* no dishonour canst thou get,  
In seeking to preuent vnlucky chance:  
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,  
Bee thou in this perswaded by thy wife:  
No vallour bids thee cast away thy life.

*Cæs.* Tis dastard cowardize and childish feare,  
To dread those dangers that do not appeare:

*Cal.* Thou must sad chance by fore-cast, wife resist,  
Or being done say boote-les had I wist.

*Cæs.* But for to feare wher's no suspition,  
Will to my greatneffe be derision.

*Cal.* There lurkes an adder in the greenest grasse,  
Daungers of purpose always hide their face:

*Cæs.* Perfwade no more *Cæsar's* resolu'd to go.

*Cal.* The Heauens resolute that hee may safe returne,  
For if ought happen to my loue but well:  
His danger shalbe doubled with my death.

*Exit.*

*Enter Augur.*

*Augur.* I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.

*Cæs.* What hast thou sacrifiz'd, as custome is,  
Before wee enter in the Senat-house.

*Augur.* O stay those steepes that leade thee to thy death,  
The angry heauens with threeatning dire aspect,  
Boding mischance, and balfull massacers,  
Menace the ouerthrowe of *Cæsars* powre:

*Saturne* fits frowning on the God of Warre,  
VVho in their sad coniunction do conspire,  
Vniting both their bale full influences,  
To heape mischance, and danger to thy life:  
The Sacrificing beast is heart-les found:  
Sad ghastly fightes, and rayfed Ghostes appeare,  
Which fill the silent woods, with groning cries:  
The hoarfe Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,  
And calls the bale-full Owle, and howling Doge,

1620

1630

1640

To

## The Tragedy

1650 To make a confort. In whose sad song is this,  
Neere is the ouerthrow of *Cæsars* blisse.

Exit.

*Cæsar.* The world is set to fray mee from my wits,  
Heers harteles Sacrifice and visions,  
Howlinge and cryes, and gasty grones of Ghosts,  
Soft *Cæsar* do not make a mockery,  
Of these Prodigious signes sent from the Heauens,  
*Calphurnias* Dre ame Iumping which *Augurs* words,  
Shew (if thou markest it *Cæsar*) cause to feare:  
This day the Senate there shalbe dissolued,

1660 And Ile returne to my *Calphurnia* home, *One* giues him  
What hast thou heare that thou presents vs with, *a paper.*

*Pre.* A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.  
Which loue to you and hate of such a deed,  
Makes me reueale vnto your excellency. *Cæsar laughs.*  
Smileſt thou, or think'ſt thou it ſome ilde toy,  
Thout frowne a non to read ſo many names.  
That haue confpird and fworne thy bloody death, *Exit.*

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cassius.* Now muſt I come, and with cloſe ſubtile girdes,  
1670 Deceauſe the prey that Ile deuoure anon,  
My Lord the Sacred Senate doth expect,  
Your royll preſence in *Pompeius* court:

*Cæſar.* *Cassius* they tell me that ſome daungers nigh.  
And death pretended in the Senate house.

*Cassi.* What danger or what wrong can be,  
Where harmeles grauitie and vertue fits,  
Tis paſt all daunger preſent death it is,  
Nor is it wrong to render due deſert.  
To feare the Senators without a cauſe,

1680 Will bee a cauſe why theile be to be feared,

*Cæſa.* The Senate ſtayes for me in *Pompeys* court.  
And *Cæſars* heere, and dares not goe to them,  
Packe hence all dread of danger and of death,  
What muſt be muſt be; *Cæſars* preſt for all,

*Cassi.* Now haue I ſent him headlong to his ende,  
Vengance and death awayting at his heeles,  
*Cæſar* thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Which by my Poniard must bee cut in twaine,  
Thy chaire of state now turn'd is to thy Beere,  
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding sheete:  
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearse,  
And Pompeys Court, thy dreadfull graue shalbe.

1690

*Senators crie all at once.*

*Act III*

*Omnis.* Hold downe the Tyrant stab him to the death: *sc. viii*

*Cæs.* Now doth the musick play and this the song  
That *Cæsarius* heart hath thirsted for so long:  
And now my Poniard in this mazing sound,  
Must strike that touch that must his life confound.  
Stab on, stab on, thus should your Poniards play,  
Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay.

*stab him.* 1700

*Buco.* *Bucolian* sends thee this.

*stab him.*

*Cum.* And *Cumber* this.

*stab him.*

*Cæs.* Take this frō *Casca* for to quite *Romes* wronges.

*Cæs.* Why murtherous villaines know you whō you strike,  
Tis *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, whom your Poniards pierce:  
*Cæsar* whose name might well afright such flaues:  
O Heauens that see and hate this haynous guilt,  
And thou Immortall *Ione* that Idle holdest  
Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,  
Why stay'st thy dreadfull doome, and doſt with-hold,  
Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death:  
But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,  
Then blackest hell and *Pluto* bee thou iudge:  
You greefly daughters of the cheereles night,  
Whose hearts, nor praier nor pitty, ere could lend,  
Leau the black dungeon of your *Chaos* deepe:  
Come and with flaming brandes into the world,  
Reuenge, and death, bringe seated in yout eyes:  
And plague these villaynes for their trecheries.

1710

*Enter Brutus.*

1720

*Bru.* I haue held *Anthony* with a vaine discourse,  
The whilst the deed's in execution,  
But liues hee still, yet doth the Tyrant breath?  
Chalinging Heauens with his blasphemies,  
Heere *Brutus* maketh a paſſage for thy Soule,

G

To

## The Tragedy

To plead thy cause for them whose ayde thou crauest,

*Cæs.* What *Brutus* to? nay nay, then let me die,

Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude,

*Bru.* I bloody *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, *Brutus* too,

1730 Doth geeue thee this, and this to quite *Romes* wrongs,

*Cassius.* O had the Tyrant had as many liues.

As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna lake*,

That heare I still might stab and stabbing kill,

Till that more liues might bee extinguished,

Then his ambition, *Romanes* Slaughtered.

*Tre.* How heauens haue iustly on the authors head,

Returnd the guiltles blood which he hath shed,

And *Pompey*, he who caused thy Tragedy,

Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

1740 *Enter Anthony.*

*Anth.* What cryes of death resound within my eares,  
Whome I doe see great *Cæsar* buchered thus?

What said I great? I *Cæsar* thou wast great,

But O that greatnes was that brought thy death:

O vniust Heauens, (if Heauens at all there be,)

Since vertues wronges makes question of your powers,

How could your starry eyes this shame behold,

How could the funne see this and not eclipze?

Fayre bud of fame ill cropt before thy time:

1750 What *Hyrcan* tygar, or wild sauage bore,

(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was,)

Durst do so vile and execrate a deede,

Could not those eyes so full of maiesty,

Nor priesthood (o not thus to bee prophand)

Nor yet the reuerence to this sacred place,

Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden tounge,

Nor name made famous through immortall merit,

Deter those murtherors from so vild a deed?

Sweete friend accept these obsequies of mine,

1760 Which heare with teares I doe vnto thy hearse,

And thou being placed a mong the shining starrings.

Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reueng,

*of Iulius Cæsar.*

I will inflict vpon the murtherers, *Exit with Cæsar, in his  
armes.*

*FINIS.* Act. 3.

*Enter Discord.*

*Chor. IV*

*Dis.* Brutus thou hast what long desire hath sought,  
Cæsar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,  
Thou art the author of *Romes* liberty,  
Proud in thy murthering hand and bloody knife.

1770

Yet thinke *Octauian* and sterne *Anthony*.

Cannot let passe this murther vnreuenged,  
*Theffalia* once againe must see your blood,

And *Romane* drommes must strike vp new a laromes,  
Harke how *Bellona* shakes her angry lance:

And enuie clothed in her crimson weed,

Me thinkes I see the fiery shields to clash,

Eagle againt Eagle, *Rome* againt *Rome* to fight,

*Phillipi, Cæsar*, quittance must thy wronges,

Whereas that hand shall stab that trayterous heart.

1780

That durst encourage it to worke thy death,

Thus from thine ashes *Cæsar* doth arise

As from *Medeas* haples scatered teeth:

New flames of wars, and new outragous broyles,

Now smile *Æmathia* that euen in thy top,

*Romes* victory and pride shalbe entombd,

And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth,

Shall with their swrdes come there to dig their graues.

ACTVS. 4.

SCENA. 1.

*Act IV  
sc. i*

*Enter Octauian.*

*Octa.* Mourne gentle Heauens for you haue lost your ioy. 1791  
Mourne greeued earth thy ornament is gon,  
Mourne *Rome* in great thy Father is deceased:  
Mourne thou *Octauian*, thou it is must mourne,  
Mourne for thy Vnkle who is dead and gon.

G 2

Mourne

## *The Tragedy*

Mourne for thy Father to vngently slaine,  
Mourne for thy Friend whome thy mishap hath lost,  
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy mone,  
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.

1800 But heere I vow these blacke and sable weeds,  
The outward signes of inward heauines,  
Shall changed be ere long to crimsen hew,  
And this soft raiment to a coate of steele,  
*Cæsar*, no more I heare the mornefull songs.  
The tragick pomp of his sad execuies,  
And deadly burning torches are at hand,  
I must accompany the mornefull troope:  
And sacryfice my teares to the Gods below.

*Exit.*

*Act IV*  
*sc. ii* *Enter Cæsars Hearse Calphurnia Octauian, Anthony,  
Cicero, Dolobella, two Romaynes, mourners.*

1812 *Calp.* Set downe the hearse and let *Calphurnia* weepe,  
Wheepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teares:  
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,  
Thou whilst thou liuedst was *Calphurnias* ioye,  
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:  
Here doth my care and comfort resting lie:  
Let them accompany thy mournefull hearse.

*Cice.* This is the hearse of vertue and renowne,  
Here stroe red roses and sweete violets:

1820 And lawrell garlands for to crowne his fame,  
The Princely weede of mighty conquerors:  
These worthles obsequies poore *Rome* bestowes,  
Vpon thy sacred ashes and deare hearse.

1. *Rom.* And as a token of thy liuing praise,  
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,  
Which witneffeth thy name shall neuer die:  
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,  
For on thy tombe shall still engrauen be,  
Thy losse, her grieve, thy deathes, her pittyng thee,

1830 *Dolo.* Vnwilling do I come to pay this debt,  
Though not vnwilling for to crowne desert,  
O how much rather had I this bestowed,  
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

*When*

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

When liuing vertue did require such meede,  
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,  
*Lord.* Those wreaths that in thy life our conquests crowned  
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,  
Now in thy death do serue thy hearse to adorne,  
For *Cæsars* liuing vertues to bee crowned,  
Not to be wept as buried vnder grownd,

1840

*2. Ro.* Thou whilest thou liuedst wast faire vertues flowre  
Crowned with eternall honor and renowne,  
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,  
(The cheefest vertues of our mother earth,)  
Doth giue to gratulate thy noble hearse.  
Let then they soule diuine vouchsafe to take,  
These worthles obsequies our loue doth make.

*Calp.* All that I am is but despaire and greefe,  
This all I giue to Celebrate thy death,  
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,  
Do you expect? *Calphurnia* giues her selfe.

1850

*Ant.* You that to *Cæsar* iustly did decree  
Honors diuine and sacred reuerence:  
And oft him grac'd with titles well deserued,  
Of Countries Father, stay of Commonwealth.  
And that which neuer any bare before,  
Inviolat, Holy, Consecrate, Vntucht.  
Doe see this friend of *Rome*, this Contryes Father,  
This Sonne of lasting fame and e ndles praise,  
And in a mortall trunke, immortall vertue  
Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beast,  
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides:  
Recounte those deedes and see what he hath don,  
Subdued those nations which three hundred yeares.  
Remaynd vnconquered; still afflictng *Rome*,  
And recompensed the firy Capitoll,  
With many Citties vnto ashes burnt:  
And this reward, these thankes you render him:  
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues:  
By you this slaughtered body bleedes againe,  
Whi ch oft for you hath bled in fearefull fight.

1860

1870

## *The Tragedy*

Sweete woundes in which I see distressed *Rome*,  
From her pearc'd fides to powre forth streames of bloud,  
Bee you a witnesse of my sad Soules grieve:  
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,  
Not such as vse from womanish eyes proceede.

*Octa.* And were the deede most worthy and vnblamed,  
Yet you vnworthely did do the same:

Who being partakers with his enemies,

1880 By *Cæsar* all were sau'd from death and harme,  
And for the punnishment you should haue had,  
You were prefer'd to Princely dignities:  
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,  
Thus thanke-les men hee did preferre of nought,  
That by their hands his murther might be wrought.

*All at once except Anthony and Octavian.*

*Omnes.* Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murtherers.

*Antho.* Braue Lords this worthy resolution shewes,  
Your dearest loue, and great affection

1890 VVhich to this slaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,  
And may like bloudy chance befall my life:  
If I be slack for to reuenge his death.

*Octa.* Now on my Lords, this body lets inter:  
Amongest the monuments of *Roman* Kinges,  
And build a Temple to his memory:  
Honoring therein his sacred Deity.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Act IV*  
*sc. iii*

ACT. 4.

SC. 2.

*Enter Cæsarius, and Brutus with an army.*

*Cæsarius.* Now *Romains* proud foe, worlds common enemy,  
1900 In his greatest hight and chiefest Iollitie,  
In the Sacred Senate-house is done to death:  
Euen as the Consecrated Oxe which soundes,  
At horny alters, in his dying pride:  
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,  
Stands proudly wayting for the hasted stroke:  
Till hee amazed with the dismal sound,

*Falls*

*of Iulius Cæsar.*

Falls to the Earth and staines the holy ground,  
The spoyles and riches of the conquered world,  
Are now but idle Trophies of his tombe:  
His laurell gar-landes do but Crowne his chaire,  
His fling, his shilde, and fatall bloody speare,  
VVhich hee in battell oft 'gainst *Rome* did beare,  
Now serue for nought but rusty monuments.

1910

*Bru.* So *Romulus* when proud ambition,  
His former vertue and renowne had stayned:  
Did by the Senators receiue his end,  
But soft what boades *Titinnius* hasting speede.

*Enter Titinnius.*

*Titin.* The frantike people and impatient,  
By *Anthonyes* exhorting to reuenge:  
Runne madding throw the bloody streetes of *Rome*,  
Crying Reuenge, and murthering they goe,  
All those that caused *Cæsars* ouerthrowe.

1920

*Cassi.* The wauering people pytiyng *Cæsars* death,  
Do rage at vs, who fore to winne their weale:  
Spare not the danger of our dearest liues,  
But since no safety *Rome* for vs affordes:  
*Brutus* weell haft vs to our Prouinces,  
I into *Syre*, thou into *Maccedon*,  
Where wee will muster vp such martiall bandes,  
As shall affright our following enemies.

1930

*Bru.* In *Theffaly* weelee meeete the Enemy,  
And in that ground distaynd with *Pompeys* bloud,  
And fruiful made with *Romane* maffaker,  
VVeele either sacrifice our guilty foe,  
To appease the furies of thesee howling Ghostes,  
That wander restles through the sliemy ground  
Or else that *Theffaly* bee a common Tombe:  
To bury those that fight to infranchise *Rome*.

*Titin.* Brauely resolu'd, I see yong *Brutus* minde,  
Strengthned with force of vertues sacred rule:  
Contemneth death, and holdes proud chance in scorne.

1940

*Bru.* I that before fear'd not to do the deede,  
Shall neuer now repent it being done,

## The Tragedy

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman Lord*,  
Whose faith brought death yet with immortall fame,  
I kiffe thee hand for doing such a deede:  
And thanke my heart for this so Noble thought,  
And bleffe the Heauens for fauoring my attempts:  
1950 For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beest not free,  
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:  
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,  
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deede,  
This acceptable deede to Heauens and *Rome*,  
So lets continue in our high resolute:  
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,  
So lets perfist, vntill our liues bee done.

*Cassi.* Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,  
Collected from our feuerall Prouinces,  
1960 Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering armes.

*Brutus* thou hast commanded the Illirian bandes:  
The feared *Celts* and *Lusitanian* horse,  
*Parthenians* proud, and *Thrasians* borne in warre:  
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old actes,  
With all the flowre of Louely *Theffaly*,  
Vnder my warlike collours there shall march:  
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,  
The warlike *Mede*, and the *Arabian* Boe,  
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:  
1970 Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in *Greece*,  
And all the Costers on the *Mirapont*.

ACT. 3.

SCE. 1.

Act IV  
sc. iv

Enter Cefars Ghoſt.

*Gho.* Out of the horror of those shady vaultes,  
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:  
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwell,  
My restles soule comes heere to tell his wronges.  
Hayle to thy walles, thou pride of all the world,  
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

My seat of mounting honour was erected,  
And my proud throane that seem'd to check the heauens.<sup>1980</sup>  
But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,  
With these asofiates of my ouerthrow,  
Here ancient *Affur* and proud *Belus* lyes,  
*Ninus* the first that fought a Monarchs name.  
*Atrides* fierce with the *Æacides*, •  
The *Greeke Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,  
Blood-thirsting *Cyrus* and the conquering youth :  
That fought to fetch his pedegree from Heauen,  
Sterne *Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,<sup>1990</sup>  
The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,  
*Alcides* and the stout, *Carthagian* Lord,  
The fatall enemie to the *Roman* name.  
Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marius*,  
And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,  
I am the last not least of the same crue,  
Looke on my deeds and say what *Cæsar* was,  
*Thessalia*, *Ægypt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,  
*Spayne* *Brittaine*, *Almany* and *France*,  
So many a bloody tryall of my worth.<sup>2000</sup>  
But why doe I my glory thus restraine,  
When all the world was but a Charyot,  
Wherein I rode Triumphing in my pride ?  
But what auaylesthis tale of what I was ?  
Since in my chefest hight *Brutus* base hand.  
With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,  
Giue me my fword and shild Ile be Reueng'd,  
My mortall wounding speare and goulden Crest.  
I will dishorse my foemen in the field,  
Alasse poore *Cæsar* thou a shadow art,<sup>2010</sup>  
An ayery substance wanting force and might,  
Then will I goe and crie vpon the world,  
Exclame on *Anthony* and *Octauian*,  
Which seeke through discord and discentions broyles,  
T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,  
And leaue to execute my iust reuenge,

*The Tragedy*

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets sound,  
O how this fight my greeued soule doth wound,

2020 *Enter Anthony, at on dore, Octauian at  
another with Souldiers.*

*Anth.* Now martiall friends competitors in armes,  
You that will follow *Anthony* to fight,  
Whome stately *Rome* hath oft her Consull seene,  
Grac'd with eternall trophies of renowne,  
With *Libian* triumphes and *Iberian* spoyles,  
Who scorns to haue his honour now distaind,  
Or credit blemisht by a Boyes disgrace,  
Prepare your dauntles stonmakes to the fight,  
Where without striking you shall ouer come.

2030 *Octa.* Fellowes in war-faire which haue often serued,  
Vnder great *Cæsar* my disfeased fier,  
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,  
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient :  
That will not brooke that any *Roman* Lord,  
Should iniure mighty *Julius Cæsars* sonne,  
Recall your wonted vallour and these hearts,  
That neuer entartaynd Ignoble thoughts  
And make my first warre-faire and fortunate :

*Ant.* Stike vp drums, and let your banners flie,  
2040 Thus will we set vpon the enemy.

*Gho.* Cease Drums to strike, and fould your banners vp,  
Wake not *Bellona* with your trumpets Clange,  
Nor call vnwilling *Mars* vnto the field :  
See *Romaines*, see my wounds not yet clof'd vp,  
The bleeding monuments of *Cæsars* wronges.  
Haue you so soone for got my life and death ?  
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp.  
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,  
My life admir'd and wondred at of men ?

2050 My death which seem'd vnworthy to the Gods,  
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,  
My death now begges one gift ; a iust reueng.

*Ant.* A Chilly cowld posseffeth all my Ioyntes,

And

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

And pale wan feare doth ceafe my fainting heart,

*Octa.* O fee how terrible my Fathers lookes ?

My haire stands stiffe to see his greifly hue :

Alaffe I deare not looke him in the face ,

And words do cleave to my benummed Iawes. (downe

*Gho.* For shame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons

Sonne sheath thy fword, not now for to be drawne,

2060

*Brutus* must feele the heauy stroke thereof :

But if that needes you will into the field ,

And that warrs enuie pricks your forward hate .

To slacke your fury with each others blood ,

Then forward on to your prepared deaths

Let sad *Alecto* found her fearefull trump ,

*Reueng* a rise in lothsome fable weedes ,

Light-shining Treasons and vnquenced Hates ,

Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke child ,)

Let sterne *Magera* on her thundering drumme ,

2070

Play gasta ly musicke to comfort your deathes .

Banner to banner , foote gainst foote opof'd ,

Sword against fword , shild gainst shild , and life to life ,

Let death goe raginge through your armed rankes ,

And load himselfe with heapes of murthered men ,

And let Heauens iustice send you all to Hell ,

*Anth.* Shamft thou not *Anthony* to draw thy fword ,

On *Cæsars* Sonne , for rude rash youth full brawles ,

And doft let paffe their treason vnrevenged ,

That *Cæsars* life and glory both did end ,

2080

*Octa.* Shame of my felfe , and this intended fight ,

Doth make me feare t' approach his dreadfull fight :

Forgiue my slacknes to reuenge thy wronges ,

Pardon my youth that rashly was mislead ,

Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed ,

*Gho.* Then ioyne your hands and heare let battle ceafe ,

Chang feare to Ioy , and warre to smooth-fac't Peace .

*Oct.* Then Father heere in fight of Heauen and thee ,

I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony* ,

*Ant.* Take likewise mine , the hand that once was vowd ' , 2090

## The Tragedy

To bee imbruued in thy luke-warme bloud,  
VVhich now shall strike in yong *Octauians* rights.

*Gho.* Now sweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,  
All Gods and powers you do adore and serue :  
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,  
Whose trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue shed.

*Anth.* Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,  
Brought thee braue *Troian* to old *Latium*,  
And great *Quirinus* placed now in Heauen :  
2100 By the *Gradinus* that with shield of Brasse,  
Defendest *Rome*, by the ouerburning flames  
Of *Vesta* and *Carpeian* Towers of *Ioue*.  
Vowes *Anthony* to quite thy worthy death,  
Or in performance loose his vitall breath.

*Octa.* The like *Octauian* vowes to Heauen and thee.

*Gho.* Then go braue warriors with succesfull hap,  
Fortune shall waite vpon your rightfull armes,  
And courage sparkell, from your Princely eyes,  
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.

2110 *Antho.* Now with our armies both conioyned in one,  
Weele meeete the enemy in *Macedon* :  
*Æmathian* fieldes shall change her flowry greene,  
And die proud *Flora* in a fadder hew :  
Siluer *Stremonia*, whose faire Christall waues,  
Once founded great *Alcides* echoing fame :  
When as he flew that fruitlefull headed snake,  
W-hich *Lerna* long-time fostered in her wombe :  
Shall in more tragick accentes and sad tunes,  
Eccho the terror of thy dismall fight,

2120 *Hemus* shall fat his barren fieldes with bloud :  
And yellow *Ceres* spring from woundes of men,  
The toyling husband-men in time to come,  
Shall with his harrow strike on rusty helmes,  
And finde, and wonder, at our swordes and speares,  
And with his plowe dig vp braue *Romans* graues :

*Enter Discord.*

*Dis.* The balefull haruest of my ioy, thy woe  
Gins ripen *Brutus*, Heauens commande it so. 2130  
Pale sad *Auernus* opes his yawning Iawes,  
Seeking to swallow vp thy murtherous soule,  
The furies haue proclaym'd a festiuell:  
And meane to day to banquet with thy bloud,  
Now Heauens array you in your clowdy weedes:  
Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,  
And dreadfull *Chaos*, of sad drery night,  
Thou Sunne that climest vp to the easterne hill:  
And in thy Chariot rides with swift steedes drawne,  
In thy proud Iollity and radiant glory: 2140  
Go back againe and hide thee in the sea,  
Darkenesse to day shall couer all the world:  
Let no light shine, but what your swords can strike,  
From out their steely helmes, and fiery shildes:  
Furies, and Ghosts, with your blue-burning lampes,  
In mazing terror ride through *Roman* rankes:  
With dread affrighting those stout Champions hearts,  
All stygian fiendes now leauue whereas you dwell:  
And come into the world and make it hell.

*Enter Cassius, Brutus, Titinius, Cato Iunior,  
with an army marching*

Act. V  
sc. i

*Casi.* Thus far wee march with vnrefisted armes,  
Subduing all that did our powres with-stand: 2152  
*Laodicia* whose high reared walles,  
Faire *Lyeas* washeth with her siluer wawe:  
And that braue monument of *Perseus* fame,  
With *Turcos* valid to vs her vanting pride,  
Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall;

*The Tragedy*

Thou wert to stubberne, else thou still hadst stood,  
2160 inviolate of *Cassius* hurtles hand,  
That was my nurse, where in my youth I drew  
The flowing milke of Greekish eloquence:  
Proud *Capadocia* fawe her King captiu'd,  
(And *Dolabella* vanting in the spoyles.  
Of slayne *Trebonius*) fall as springing tree,  
Seated in louely *Tempes* pleasant shades:  
Whom beuteous spring with blossoms braue hath deckt,  
And sweete *Fauonia* manteled all in greene,  
By winters rage doth loose his flowry pride,  
2170 And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds.  
Thus from the conquest of proud *Palestine*,  
Hether in triumph haue we march'd along,  
Making our force-commaunding rule to stretch,  
From faire *Euphrates* christall flowing waues  
Vnto the Sea which yet weepes *Io*'s death,  
Slayne by great *Hercules* repenting hand,  
*Bru.* Of all the places by my fword subdued,  
Pitty of thee poore *Zanthus* moues me most;  
Thrife hast thou ben beseeched by thy foe,  
2180 And thrife to saue thy liberty hast felt  
The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand.  
First being beseeched by *Harpalus* the *Mede*,  
The sterne performer of proud *Cyrus* wrath:  
Next when the *Macedonian Phillips* sonne,  
Did rayse his engines agaist thy battered walls,  
Proud *Zanthus* that did scorne to beare the yoake,  
That all the world was forced to sustaine,  
Last when that I my selfe did guirt thy walls,  
With troopes of high resolued *Roman* hearts,  
2190 Rather then thou wouldest yeeld to *Brutus* fword,  
Or stayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,  
Did'st sadly fall as proud *Numantia*.  
Scorning to yeeld to conquering *Scipios* power.  
*Cas.* And now to thee *Phillipi*, are wee come,  
Whose fields must twise feele *Roman* cruelty,  
And flowing blood like to *Dærcean* playnes,

When

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

When proud *Eteocles* on his foaming steede,  
Rides in his fury through the *Argean* troopes,  
Now making great *Æraustus* giue him way,  
Now beating back *Tideaus* puissant might:  
The ground not dry'd from sad *Pharsalian* blood,  
Will now bee turned to a purple lake:  
And bleeding heapes and mangled bodyes slayne,  
Shall make such hills as shall surpassee in height  
The Snowy Alpes and aery *Appenines*,

2200

*Titi*. A Scout brought word but now that he descryd,  
Warlike *Anthonius* and young *Cæsars* troopes,  
Marching in fury ouer *Theffalian* playnes.

As great *Gradinus* when in angry moode,  
He driues his chariot downe from heauens top,  
And in his wheels whirleth reueng and death:  
Heere by *Phillippi* they will pitch their tents,  
And in these fieldes (fatall to *Roman* liues)  
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,

2210

*Cat*. O welcome thou this long expected day,  
On which dependeth *Romane* liberty,  
Now *Rome* thy freedom hangeth in suspence,  
And this the day that must assure thy hopes.

*Cassi*. Great *Ioue*, and thou *Trytonyan* warlike Queene:  
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly *Gorgons* head.  
Strenghen our armes that fight for *Roman* welth:  
And thou sterne *Mars*, and *Romulus* thy Sonne,  
Defend that Citty which your selfe begun.  
All heauenly powers assist our rightfull armes,  
And send downe siluer winged victory,  
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Crests.

2220

*Bru*. My minde that's trobled in my vexed soule,  
(Opprest with sorrow and with sad dismay,)  
Misgiues me this wilbe a heauy day.

*Cassi*. Why faynt not now in these our last extremes,  
This time craues courage not dispayring feare,

2230

*Titin*. Fie, twill distayne thy former valiant acts.  
To say thou faintest now in this last act,

*Bru*. My mind is heauy, and I know not why,

But

## *The Tragedy*

But cruell fate doth sommon me to die,

*Cato.* Sweet *Brute*, let not thy words be ominous signes,  
Of so mis-fortunnate and sad euent,  
Heauen and our Vallour shall vs conquerours make.

*Cass.* What Bastard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,

2240 Or what vnglorious vnwounded thought,  
Hath changed the valour of our daunted mindes.  
What are our armes growne weaker then they were?  
Cannot this hand that was proud *Cæsars* death,  
Send all *Cæsarians* headlong that same path?  
Looke how our troupes in Sun-bright armes do shine,  
With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.  
The wrathfull steedes do check their iron bits,  
And with a well grac'd terror strike the ground,  
And keeping times in warres sad harmony.

2250 And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare,  
My selfe like valiant *Peleus* worthy Sonne,  
The Noblest wight that eur *Troy* beheld,  
Shall of the aduerse troopes such hauock make,  
As sad *Phillipi* shall in blood bewayle,  
The cruell massacre of *Cassius* sword,  
And then hath *Brutus* any cause to feare?

*Bru.* No outward shewes of puissance or of strength,  
Can helpe a minde dismayed inwardly,  
Leave me sweete Lordes a while vnto my selfe.

2260 *Cass.* In the meane time take order for the fight,  
Drums let your fearefull mazing thunder playe.  
And with their sound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,  
And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyse,  
As when that *Boreas* from his Iron caue.  
With boysterous furyes Striuing in the waues,  
Comes swelling forth to meet his blustering foe,  
They both doe runne with feerce tempestuous rage,  
And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.  
The God *Oceanus* trembles at the stroke,

2270 *Bru.* What hatefull furyes vex my tortured mind?  
What hideous fightes appalle my greeued soule,  
As when *Orefes* after mother slaine.

Not being yet at *Scithians* Alters purged,  
Behould the greesly visages of fiends.

And gastly furies which did haunt his steps,  
*Cæsar* vpbraues my sad ingratitude,  
He sauad my life in sad *Pharsalian* fieldes,  
That I in *Senate* house might worke his death.  
O this remembrance now doth wqund my soule,  
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

*Enter Ghost.*

*Gho. Brutus*, ingratefull *Brutus* seest thou mee:  
Anon In field againe thou shalt me see,

*Bru.* Stay what so ere thou art, or fiend below,  
Rayf'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,  
Or fury sent from *Phlegitonticke* flames,  
Or from *Cocytus* for to end my life,  
Be then *Megeira* or *Tyiphone*,  
Or of *Eumenides* ill boading crue.

Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,  
Comegreesly messenger of sad mishap,  
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,  
And end my life and sorrow all at once.

*Gho.* Accursed traytor damned *Homicide*,  
Knowest thou not me, to whome for forty honors:  
Thou three and twenty Gasty wounds didst giue?  
Now dare no more for to behould the Heauens,  
For they to Day haue destyned thine end:  
Nor lift thy eyes vnto the rising sunne,  
That nere shall liue for to behould it set,  
Nor looke not dōwne vnto the Hellish shades,  
There stand the furyes thursting for thy blood,  
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'st,  
There *Anthonyes* sword will peirce thy trayterous heart.

*Brutus* to daie my blood shalbe reuenged,  
And for my wrong and vndeserued death,  
Thy life to thee a torture shall become,  
And thou shalt oft amongst the dying grones,  
Of slaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth.

2280

2290

2300

## The Tragedy

2310 Wish that like balefull cheere might thee befall,  
And seeke for death that flies so wretched wight,  
Vntill to shunne the honour of the fight,  
And dreadfull vengeance of supernall ire.  
Thine owne right hand shall worke my wish'd reueng;  
And so Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

*Bru.* Stay *Cæsar* stay, protract my greife no longer,  
Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirsting throte,  
With pleasing blood of *Cæsars* guilty heart :  
But see hee's gon, and yonder Murther stands :

2320 See how he poynts his knife vnto my hart.

*Althea* raueth for her murthered Sonne,  
And weepes the deed that she her-selfe hath done :  
And *Meleager* would thou liuedst againe,  
But death must expiate. *Altheas* come.  
I, death the guerdon that my deeds deserue :  
The drums do thunder forth dismay and feare,  
And dismall triumphes sound my fatall knell,  
Furyes I come to meete you all in Hell,

*Act V*

*Enter Cato wounded.*

*sc. ii*      *Cato.* Bloodles and faynt ; *Cato* yeelde vp thy breath ;

2330 While strength and vigour in these armes remaynd,  
And made me able for to wield my sword,  
So long I fought ; and sweet *Rome* for thy sake  
Fear'd not effusion of my blood to make.  
But now my strength and life doth fayle at once,  
My vigor leaues my could and feeble Ioynts,  
And I my sad soule, must power forth in blood.  
O vertue whome *Phylosophy* extols.

Thou art no essence but a naked name,  
2340 Bond-flaue to Fortune, weake, and of no power.  
To succor them which alwaies honourd thee :  
Witnesse my Fathers and mine owne sad death,  
Who for our country spent our lateſt breath :  
But oh the chaines of death do hold my young,  
Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.  
O Heauenſ help *Rome* in this extremity.

Whene

of *Julius Cæsar*.

*Cass.* Where shall I goe to tell the saddest tale,  
That ere the *Romane* young was forc'd to speake,  
*Rome* is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:  
This Sunne that now hath seen so many deaths,  
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,  
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,  
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets fatall sound,  
And straight Reuenge from *Stygian* bands let loose,  
Possesst had all hearts and banished thence,  
Feare of their children, wife and little home.  
Countryes remembrance, and had quite expeld,  
With last departed care of life it selfe:

Act V  
sc. iii

Anger did sparkell from our beautious eyes,  
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to shake,  
The horse had now put on the riders wrath,  
And with his hoofes did strike the trembling earth,  
When *Echalarian* foundes then both gin meete:  
Both like enraged, and now the dust gins rise,  
And Earth doth emulate the Heauens cloudes,  
Then yet beutyous was the face of cruell war:  
And goodly terror it might seeme to be,  
Faire shieldes, gay swords, and goulden crests did shine.

2350

Their spangled plumes did dance for Iolity,  
As nothing priuy to their Masters feare,  
But quickly rage and cruell *Mars* had staynd,  
This shining glory with a fadder hew,  
A cloud of darteres that darkened Heauens light,  
Horror insteed of beauty did suceede.

2370

And her bright armes with dust and blood were foyld:  
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Drusus* takes his end,  
Here lies *Hortensius*, weltring in his goare.

Here, there, and euery where men fall and die,  
Yet *Cassius* shew not that thy heart doth faynt:  
But to the last gasp for *Romains* freedom fight,  
And when sad death shall be thy labors end,  
Yet boast thy life thou didst for Country spend.

2380

Enter *Anthony*. Act V

*Ant.* Queene of Reuenge imperious *Nemesis*,

sc. iv

*The Tragedy*

That in the wrinkelz of thine angry browes,  
Wrapst dreadfull vengeance and pale fright-full death :  
Raine downe the bloody showers of thy reuenge,  
And make our swordes the fatall instruments,  
To execute thy furious bale-full Ire,  
2390 Let grim death seate her on my Lances point,  
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,  
Shall lodge her there within there coward brestes,  
Dread, horror, vengance, death, and bloody hate :  
In this sad fight my murthering sworde awaite. *Exit*

*Act V*  
*sc. v* *Titin.* Where may I flie from this accursed soyle,  
Or shunne the horror of this dismall day :  
The Heauenz are colour'd in mourning sable weedes,  
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to see,  
2400 This bloody conflict ; sad *Catastrophe*,  
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard :  
Nothing but bloud and slaughter may bee seene  
And death, the same in sundry shapes arayed.

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cassi.* In vaine, in vaine, O *Cassius* all in vaine,  
Tis Heauen and destiny thou striuest against.

*Titin.* VVhat better hope or more accepted tydinges,  
Ist Noble *Cassius* from the Battell bringes ?

*Cassi.* This haples hope that fates decreed haue,  
2410 *Philippi* field must bee our haples graue.

*Titin.* And then must this accurs'd and fatall day,  
End both our liues and *Romane* liberty :  
Must now the name of freedome bee forgot,  
And all *Romes* glory in *Theffalia* end ?

*Cassi.* As those that lost in boysterous troublous feas,  
Beaten with rage of Billowes stormy strife :  
And without starres do sayle 'gainst starres and winde.  
In drery darkenesse and in chereles night,  
Without or hope or comfort endles are :

2420 So are my thoughts dejected with dismay,  
Which can nougnt looke for but poore *Romes* decay.  
But yet did *Brutus* liue, did hee but breath ?

Or

of *Iulius Cæsar*.

Or lay not slumbering in eternall night,  
His welfare might infuse some hope, or life :  
Or at the least bring death with more content :  
Weried I am through labour of the fight :

Then sweete *Titinnius*, range thou through the fielde,  
And either glad me with my friends successe,  
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare :  
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,  
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.

2430

*Titin.* *Cassius*, I goe to seeke thy Noble friend,  
Heauen grant my goings haue a prosperous end.

*Cassi.* O go *Titinnius*, and till thy returne,  
Heere will I sit disconsolate alone,  
*Romes* sad mishap, and mine owne woes to moone :  
O ten times treble fortunate were you,  
VVhich in *Pharsalias* bloody conflict dyed,

2440

VVith those braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame :  
VVhich neere protected their most blessed dayes,  
To see the horror of this dismal fight,  
VVhy died I not in those *Æmathian* playnes,  
VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cæsars* hand ?  
And swift *Eurypus* downe his bloody streeame  
Bare shieldes and helmes and traines of slaughter'd men,  
But Heauens referud mee to this luckles day,  
To see my Countries fall and friends decay.  
But why doth not *Titinnius* yet returne ?

My trembling heart misgives me what's befalne,  
*Brutus* is dead : I : herke how willingly

2450

The Ecco itterates those deadly words,  
The whisling windes with their mourning found  
Do fill mine eares with noyse of *Brutus* death,  
The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,  
In dolefull notes recorde my friends decay.

And *Philomela* now forgets old wronges,  
And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her songes.

I heare some noyse, O tis *Titinnius*,  
No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,  
My greeued eares with that hearts-thrilling sound.

2460

## *The Tragedy*

Why dost thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?  
Why dost thou then prolong my life in vayne?  
Tell me my sentence and so end my payne:  
He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,  
Linger not *Cassius* for to heare reply,  
What if he come and tels me hee is slayne?  
That only will increafe my dying paine,  
*Brutus* I come to company thy soule,  
Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.  
2470 *Brutus* I come prepare to meete thy friend  
Thy brothers fall procures this balefull end.

*Enter Titinius.*

*Titi.* *Brutus* doth liue and like a seconde *Mars*,  
Rageth in heate of fury mongest his foes,  
Then cheere thee *Cassius*, loe I bring releefe.  
And news of power to ease thy stormy greefe,  
But see where *Cassius* weltreth in his blood,  
Doth beate the Earth, and yet not fully dead.  
O *Cassius* speake, O speake to me sweet friend,  
2480 *Brutus* doth liue; open thy dying eyes,  
And looke on him that hope and comfort rings.  
O noe, hee will not looke on mee but cryes,  
That by my long delayes he haples dies:  
Accursed villaine murtherer of thy friend,  
Why hath thy lingering thus wrought *Cassius* end,  
How cold thy care was to preuent this deed,  
How flow thy loue that made no greater speed,  
Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,  
My care was feareles, loue but flattery,  
2490 But fithence in my life my loue was neuer shewne,  
Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne.  
Accursed weapon that such blood could spil,  
Nay cursed then the author of this deed,  
Yet both offended, both shall punished be,  
Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,  
It shall make a passage for my life to passe,  
Cause through my life his master murthered was.  
And I on it againe will venged bee.

*Cause*

*of Iulius Caesar.*

Cause it did worke my *Cassius* tragedy.

Then this reueng shalbe to end my life.

Mine to distayne with bafer blood the knife.

• 2500

*Enter Brutus the Ghost following him.*

• *Bru.* What doest thou still perfue me vgly fend,  
Is this it that thou thirsted for so much?  
Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,  
Would thy appeafeles rage be slacked with blood,  
This fword to day hath crimsen channels made,  
But heare's the blood that thou woudls drinke so fayne,  
Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.

Or if thou thinkeft death to small a payne,  
Drag downe this body to proud *Erebus*,  
Through black *Cocytus* and infernall *Styx*,  
*Lethean* waues, and fiers of *Phlegeton*,  
Boyle me or burne, teare my hatefull flesh,  
Deuoure, consume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,  
Hell craues her right, and heere the furyes stand,  
And all the hell-hounds compasse me a round  
Each seeking for a parte of this same prey,  
Alasse this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,  
Nor can it all your hungrye mouthes suffice,  
O tis the soule that they stand gaping for,  
And cndlesse matter for to prey vpon.

2510

Renewed still as *Titius* pricked heart.  
Then clap your hands, let Hell with Ioy resound?  
Here it comes flying through this aery round.

2520

*Gho.* Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done  
And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:  
Nor liue t' applaud the iustice of this deed.  
Murther by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

*Enter Discord*

*Dis.* I, now my longing hopes haue their desire,  
The world is nothing but a massie heape:  
Of bodys slayne, The Sea a lake of blood,  
The Furies that for slaughter only thirst,  
Are with these Massakers and slaughterers cloyde,  
*Tyfiphones* pale, and *Megeras* thin face,

2531

## *The Tragedy*

Is now pufte vp, and swolne with quaffing blood,  
*Caron* that vsed but an old rotten boate  
Must nowe a nauie rigg for to transport,  
2540 The howling soules, vnto the *Stigian* stronde.  
Hell and *Elysium* must be digd in one,  
And both will be to litle to contayne,  
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghostes,  
That I my selfe haue tumbling thither sent.

*Gho.* Now nights pale daughter since thy bloody ioyes,  
And my reuengfull thirst fulfilled are,  
Doe thou applaud what iustly heauens haue wrought,  
While murther on the murtherers head is brought.

*Dis. Cæsar* I pitied not thy Tragick end:

2550 Nor tyrants daggers sticking in thy heart,  
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repayd,  
But that thy death so many deaths hath made:  
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,  
And laugh to thinke I caused such endlesse woe.

*Gho.* Sith my reueng is full accomplished,  
And my deaths causers by them felues are slaine,  
I will descend to mine eternall home,  
Where euerlastingly my quiet soule,  
The sweete *Elysium* pleasure shall inioy,

2560 And walke those fragrant flowry fields at rest:  
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower so rare,  
Nor old *Alcinous* gardens may compare.  
There that same gentle father of the spring,  
Mild *Zephyrus* doth *Odours* breath diuine:  
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,  
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,  
Or Summers funne can make it fall or fade,  
There with the mighty champions of old time,  
And great *Henes* of the Goulden age,  
My dateles houres Ile spend in lasting ioy.

**FINIS.**